MAYFAIR

30p Vol. 8 No. 2

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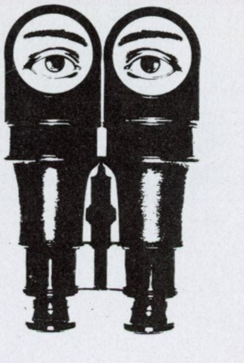

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

It must be your lucky day. According to our distributors' reports somebody else wanted to buy the Mayfair you hold in your hands. At the moment there just aren't enough to go round. What is the reason? Basically that we commit ourselves to a print order well in advance of knowing the actual demand. And demand these past months has been as frisky as a randy reader with a Miss World winner.

We don't have to look far to discover why. Our decision to stay at 30p after announcing a price increase to 40p leaves us far and away the best value in the market, even if it sends us crying all the way *back* from the bank.

Secondly, it's always been our policy not to be embarrassing to newsagents and cause them concern in the post Longford hurdles. This means Mayfair goes on sale while others go under seal. As more men see Mayfair, the more they buy, and buy again.

We don't think they'll be disappointed with this issue either. Not once the dazzling Christianne has bewitched all blonde fanciers. No wonder they put her in the *Onedin Line*.

Then, if your tastes turn to dark mysterious women, we think you'll have to go far to find a more captivating girl than Angie. She has sheer basic feminine mystery that makes Women's Lib look as out of date as Charlie's Aunt . . . Finally there's Zoe who shows that stockings are back in sex fashion in a big way.

The number of sauna and massage salons springing up in London is increasing rapidly, and one of the latest to raise steam is John Maira's Celebrity salon at 85 Charlotte Street, W1, which we had the pleasure of inspecting at the opening champagne reception. He also owns the Aquarius salon in London's Grays Inn Road and it is his success there that has led him to further ventures in the shape of this new, mixed sexes, salon at Charlotte Street. But don't go jumping to conclusions at the mention of the word mixed. John Maira takes the health kick very seriously and that's what he's propagating – the healthy aspect of sauna. To prove it he's decorated his new salon in a fashion that would make it worthy of the Royal coat of arms, and he's also installed all the latest equipment, including a computerised, bed-sized sun-lamp that he had specially imported from Germany. There are two cabins, one for mixed groups of people and a smaller one for couples who might want a little privacy, and there's also a colour TV lounge and a bar where you get a free drink while you're waiting. The cost varies depending on whether you want just a massage or the whole electronic works from beginning to end, but it is in the region of six pounds a time.

We've met many people who would like to try a sauna but are afraid to purely because they do not know what to expect or what to do. If you think this way then don't worry. All you have to do is explain when you go in to one of these places that you haven't been to one before and they'll look after you. In John Maira's salon his girls guide you round and look after you in any case, regular or newcomer. And if they are as charming and efficient at giving massage as they are at serving the man from Mayfair with champagne then Celebrity should be well worth a visit. But remember, John Maira doesn't stand for any funny business behind the curtains.

While on the subject of sauna and massage salons, and mixed ones at that, it is no secret that there are establishments where 'funny business' does go on and if any readers might like to air their experiences in the Letters column then we'd be only too pleased to hear.

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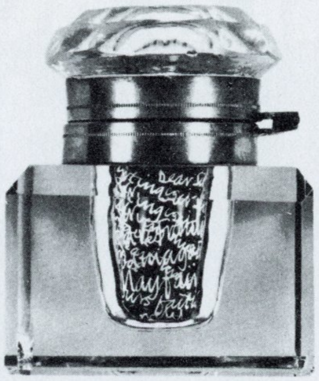
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

The following passage was spoken by a BBC announcer on Radio 3, Sunday, December 3. Readers should find it amusing:

'. . . though he celebrated his eightieth birthday only last month he has lost none of the subtlety of approach for which he is acknowledged, and (particularly in the passionate movement) his vigorous performance on a gramophone record can be heard at seven o'clock tonight . . .'

By the way, for an old 'un he really did get stuck in too.

P. T. Farrell, Bourne Mills, Brimscombe, Gloucestershire

Once at a press preview of a rather randy film I sat beside a young girl journalist and we naturally started talking before the film started (when two journalists get together, as the *Mayfair* staff will know, they always talk about their profession). Finding that we appeared to get on rather well, I asked her to join me for a drink in a club after the film was over and she accepted.

To get to the point, towards the end of the evening, I asked her to come back to my flat (no excuses like come back for coffee, I wanted her to know exactly what I meant) and she said she was just going to suggest that I went back with her. Anyway, we went to her flat and fell into bed, but things didn't quite work out at first. We'd both recently broken up with our opposite numbers and obviously were not used to each other's movements and reactions. She wanted to move fast and uncontrollably and I was used to controlled deliberate movements, heading towards a definite culmination. It became obvious that things could be much better and so I asked her what position was her favourite. She said on top and so we flipped over, much to our mutual satisfaction. The point of this story is that when it comes to one night stands, it often pays off if you take the trouble to find out, in the natural course of things, what turns the girl on most. They don't always like to take it lying down.

R.A.D., South Kensington, London, S.W.7

The writer of the article on model traction engines on page 68 of Vol. 7, No. 12 hasn't done his homework properly. The arrangement which he calls double acting is a compound engine. All traction engines are double acting, which means that when the steam has pushed the piston to one end of the cylinder, more steam is admitted on the opposite side of the piston to push it back.

Talking of homework. The lovely bits of homework you illustrate elsewhere make one think of double acting reciprocation in their immediate vicinity.

S. U. Belsey, Amblecote Road, Grove Park, London, S.E.12

I am writing to congratulate you on the excellent article that you published in Vol. 7, No. 12 on the 1972 model traction engineering rally sponsored by the Guildford Model Engineering Society, of which I am chairman.

My fellow workers were quick to point out that the female models were guaranteed to raise boiler pressure, without the aid of coal. In addition to this annual get-together of model traction engine builders, we also have indoor gauge 0 and 00 layouts, and outdoors we have a passenger carrying live steam track. The majority of members, like myself, build and operate model steam locomotives of various types.

G. F. Asplin, Chairman, Guildford Model Engineering Society, Nork Way, Banstead, Surrey

Some of your articles show that *Mayfair* has an obvious sympathy with the age of

steam, now, alas, long gone. Perhaps therefore you could settle an argument I have had with a fellow railway enthusiast. In the 1920s there was, I am fairly sure, a difference of opinion over which type of engine was the faster, the Castle class or the Pacific class. I believe it was the former engine that took the colours but my friend disagrees. Could you settle this dispute for us?
P.J., Garsington, Oxford

You are quite correct. The dispute arose when, at the British Empire exhibition at Wembley in 1924, a notice saying 'Britain's most powerful express passenger train' placed in front of 4073 Caerphilly Castle on The Great Western Stand annoyed members of the London and North Eastern Railway, who challenged GWR to prove their statement. As a result the two companies exchanged locomotives for comparative trials in 1925. The locomotives concerned were LNER Pacific 4474 Victor Wild and GWR 4079 Pendennis Castle. After extensive trials between King's Cross and Doncaster, while the LNER Pacific struggled west with the Cornish Riviera Express, the Pendennis Castle returned home as undisputed champion.

Thank you for the marvellous pictures of Francesca in Vol. 7, No. 10.

I have large breasts very similar to Francesca's and have always considered them too large and too low (not the sort of shape to go bra-less). My husband takes lots of nude pictures of me and I have always thought they were spoilt by my difficult 'breasts', although my husband does not agree with me. We were both delighted to see a girl with my shape so beautifully photographed in *Mayfair* and my morale was sufficiently boosted to send you some pictures of myself.
Mrs. P. M. Harber, Surrey

Hearing of the various initiation ceremonies inflicted upon new arrivals at works and offices, I notice that the victim is usually an adolescent youth, and the perpetrators, the female or so called weaker sex. Perhaps the young male is far more gullible than his female counterpart. This seemed to have been so in my case, when I first ventured into the wide wicked world of industry.

Entering a large engineering works at the tender age of 15, I was put in the charge of a fitter, to learn the trade from the bottom. All passed uneventfully for the first couple of hours until I was asked to pass up two greased nuts. On saying that I could not see any, I was given a chit and told to go and draw them out of the stores, a building pointed out to me across the yard. Eager to impress, I went to the building indicated, which seemed to be a machine shop of some kind. There were about 20 to 24 females busy, and one who seemed to be some sort of chargehand came up to me to see what I required. I dutifully handed over my slip, and to her question was I new there, I brightly replied: 'Yes, it's my first morning.'

She then went and spoke to four girls who were in a group and after one of them had picked up a bag, they all four disappeared through a door at the other end of the building. The woman in charge came back and said they won't be long, and seemed to draw me out with some questions. Five minutes or so passed and the girls did not return, so with what seemed to be annoyance, she said, 'let's see what's keeping them' and walked with me to the door. She then stood aside and motioned for me to go on ahead of her. I stepped through, into sudden darkness, as a bag came down over my head and my arms were grabbed and fastened behind me. I was then bodily picked up, laid out on a bench and my trousers removed, despite my desperate struggles. Someone wearing a pair of rubber gloves held my genitals and then something thick and oily

turn to page 8

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LETTERS

was poured on me and massaged into my testicles and penis. In fact I was covered from navel to mid-thigh.

I was then taken and frog-marched back through the shop where jeering, cheering girls bedecked my genitals with any old waste at hand. Then to a loud hurrah, I was taken out of the shop, that I knew because I could feel the cold air, marched a certain distance, and stopped. My hands were untied and to the sound of running feet I fumbled to undo the bag from my head. When I got it off, I found I was standing before the offices and the window was a sea of laughing faces. I burst into tears and ran back into the machine shop but my pants had been hung over a machine and I had no option but to climb up for them. Almost hysterical, I ran for the wash room to try and clean myself. A tea lady came in, she must have been over 50, and managed to calm my shaking, sobbing body. Taking off my shoes and socks, she stood me up in a bowl and managed to clean me up. I wanted to run off home and never come near the place again but she talked to me and I stayed, and was glad I faced up to things for I became quite a popular young man.

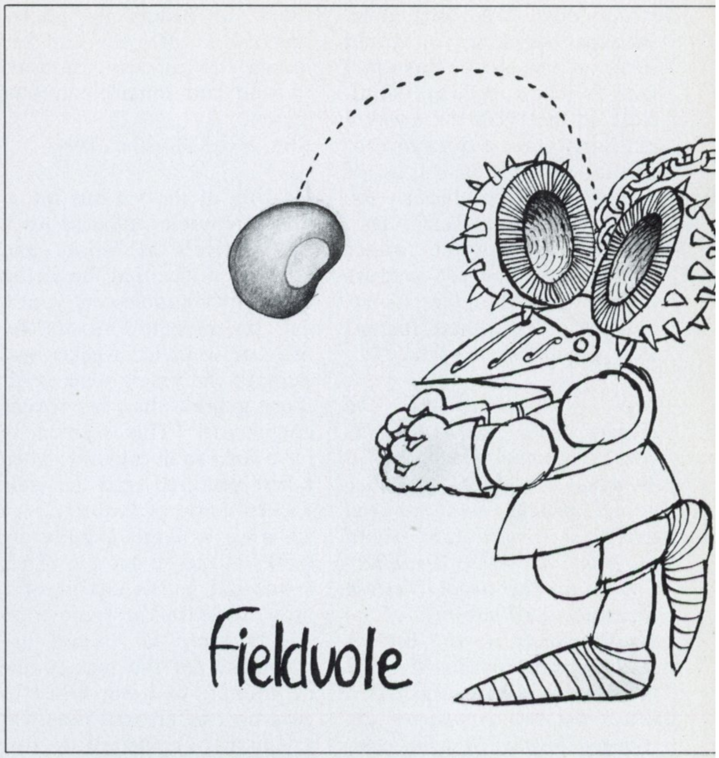
Though I dated a few of the girls and was sometimes teased about my two greased nuts, I never found out who had been my initiator. Thirty-seven years have gone by since then but I don't think an experience like that is ever forgotten.

I wonder if there are any girls with similar tales that they may like to air in your pages.

E.V.N., Somerset

I was very amused by your nursery rhymes in Vol. 7, No. 10. I wish you could print more of them as they gave me a very good laugh.

W.B., Bradford, Yorks.



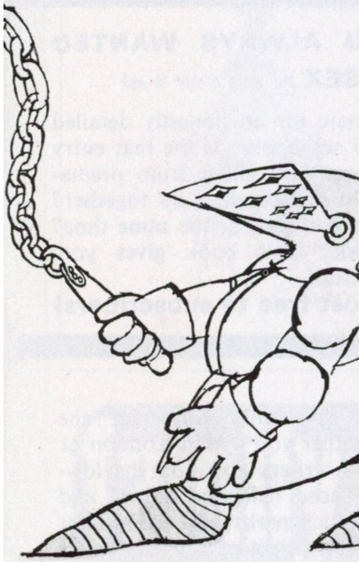
I was fascinated by your reviewer's very competent assessment of Alexander Knox's book *The Enemy I Kill* in Vol. 7, No. 11. The author uses a situation many of us have encountered from time to time and, with the easing of certain taboos, far more generally than is appreciated. I refer to the situation where a woman shares her favours between two or even more men, sometimes with little time in between the incidents.

I was conscious in one case that a very attractive and eminently desirable woman would half apologetically explain that she had had to placate another lover (call him her husband if you will) before I had arrived.

At first I was so besotted with her that I gave it no more thought, but later came to look

Get to know Peter Stuyvesant

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



forward to the faint but characteristic signs.

The Pill has made a great deal of difference of course and women are now as daring as men, and I have no doubt that their reasons for mixing their men are as devious as are the men's reasons for enjoying the experience.

I wonder if any others have noticed this trend.

F.L.

For the past few months I have read your letters with great interest. Although some of the arousal techniques used by your correspondents are extremely interesting, I think I have found one even more unusual, in the form of photography. The photographs are not the usual kind, but record the most intimate parts of our marriage. As well as having pictures of your radiant bride in her wedding gown, you can have photographs of the blushing bride at home later, minus her clothes and lying in a suitable revealing position. If you set up your camera on a tripod and use delayed action, you can photograph yourselves in the nude together, kissing, cuddling or even copulating.

J.P.H., Poole, Dorset

. . . and as the professional wedding photographer says, the shots look best mounted . . .

The other day while travelling home on the underground something happened to me which, if I had been told it by someone else, I would not have believed.

I was on the westbound central line, in the rush hour, which by the way, seems to be far longer than an hour these days, and in the usual crush I was forced tightly against a young girl in the corner by the end doors. It is bad enough having your face forced within three or four inches of someone you don't know, but the train lurched violently at one point and forced me heavily against her, my left hand being squashed right into the crotch of her trousers. I was obviously embarrassed, fearing that she would think I had done it deliberately, and said: 'I'm terribly sorry, that really was an accident,' as I heaved my hand out of the way. To my surprise she said: 'That's OK, it can help pass what's usually a boring journey,' and smiled at me. Tentatively I moved my hand and pressed it back against her, wondering if I was about to be slapped on the face.

Maybe she was showing me how she wanted me to move, or perhaps it made her feel that she wasn't actually being touched up, but she put her hand on top of mine as I rubbed her, while we silently stared at each other. Eventually she bit her lip, still

turn to page 92

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LETTERS

continued from page 9

staring at me, and shivered slightly, and I think she must have had an orgasm, because she then released my hand and began to stroke and squeeze me in the groin. Unfortunately this did not last long because the train pulled into White City and, still staring into my eyes, she said in a soft low whisper: 'Sorry, I have to get off, but thank you.'

I just hope she really did believe it was an accident in the first place, and if only she hadn't been wearing trousers!

M.E., Ruislip, Middlesex

There seems to be a diversity of opinion in your pages over depilation. My girl has a prominent mons with a profuse mass of curly pubic hair and once, to my surprise, I found she had completely shaved herself. Though this showed her lines of communication in all their glory, somehow I was glad when she grew it again.

J.G.S., London, N.W.10

Over the past few issues you have printed many letters from readers suggesting the removal of pubic hair. Could you please oblige these gentlemen once and for all with a shorn girl, so that the rest of us can then return to normality? To my own mind nothing can be more delightful than a girl like Paula Darrington (Vol. 7, No. 8) or Greta (Vol. 7, No. 11) sporting a beautiful fuzz. If nature had intended our ladies to be bald she would have made them so, and I cannot think of anything more deflating than touching some gorgeous girl minus her pubes! I am sure that the majority of your readers will agree that your girls are best left as featured, in their natural state.

D.G., York

Congratulations on persuading Jill Parker to pose for *Mayfair*, Vol. 7, No. 11. Her superb figure is certainly big enough for my taste and, wonder of wonders, her pubis is neatly trimmed too. What a pity that the frontal view on page 32 stops just short of revealing her charms.

By contrast, in the same issue, hair enthusiasts are treated to some splendid views of 'Bushy' Goddard's magnificent fleece. These have a charm of their own, but I feel sure that similar poses by girls who trim or shave this area would be welcomed by many of your readers.

P. Masters, Amersham, Bucks

Jill Parker in Vol. 7, No. 11 has lovely breasts, a rather immature figure and poor bottom, but what put me off her was that ugly mass of bristles on her pubic area. It would have been far better if she had left it as nature intended or shaved the hair off completely. Consequently I much preferred the first picture of her clad in those mauve panties.

The girl that really attracted me was Greta Goddard in the same issue. Those bum shots of her were great.

H.C., Swindon, Wiltshire

What gorgeous rear views of Annabel and Greta in Vol. 7, No. 11. Deliciously provocative and a joy to those sophisticated and lucky men who enjoy their sex that way round. Let's have more. After all, these curves are the best part of a woman and they are beautiful even if she's plain, flat-chested or old.

H.G., Macclesfield

I hasten to agree with fellow reader L.A.M. of Battersea (Vol. 7, No. 12) with regard to the unsurpassable beauty of actress Gabrielle Drake. Ever since I saw her on T.V. in the series UFO in her fantasy-creating outfit, she's been the darling of my more stimulating dreams. Then, incredibly, I saw her in Vol. 7, No. 10, revealing all that lay beneath her UFO costume.

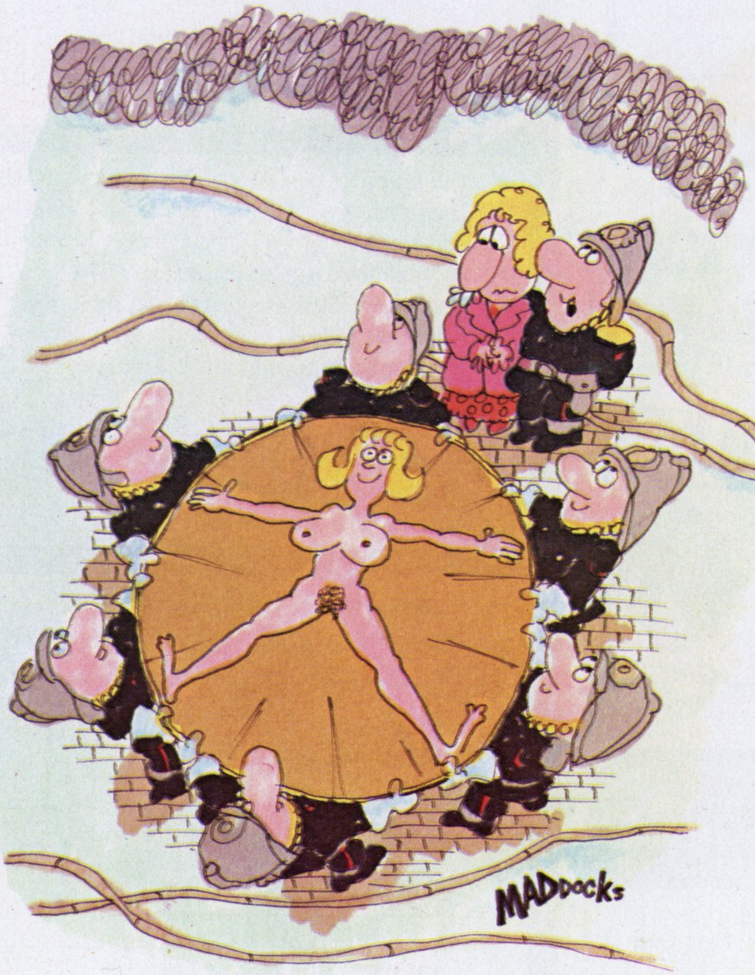
J. Hunt, Saltley, Birmingham

I was delighted to see in *Mayfair*, Vol. 7, No. 9 the powerfully arousing form of Chris Rossiter. Those solid breasts, athletic and uninhibited poses, were a great joy to behold.

J.N.H., Meadhurst,
Uppingham, Rutland

I am 24 years old and have been married for two years. In Vol. 7, No. 6 I was amused by the lovely pictures of Andrea lying in water wearing that green wet dress because it is exactly like this that my husband likes to see me. He finds wet clothes very erotic, and when we take a bath I usually enter the water fully dressed or half dressed in tight jeans, summer dresses, stockings and suspender belt and sometimes evening dress! My husband sometimes keeps on his trousers or jeans and we wash and soap each other up under the material, concentrating on bottom and nipples. When our clothes are well soaked I begin to strip while my husband caresses me. He likes very much to squeeze my bottom and nipples through the wet material and sometimes we make love, fully dressed, in the water and soap suds. It is

turn to page 94



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LETTERS

continued faom page 92

very exciting and funny. He likes to see me in wet clothes and the contact of his wet clothes on me excites me.
Mrs. E.V., France

Looking back I saw Mr F.C.'s letter in Vol. 6, No. 6 about his experiences at boarding school and I think readers would be interested to learn about my own.

There were two attractive student cooks in the kitchens who seemed quite sociable in spite of warnings from our headmaster of the consequences of 'familiarity'. It soon became apparent that they were working for an all male community for reasons not entirely connected with their job. Along with a few other boys, I soon became quite well acquainted with them through duties which took us into the kitchen and got to know one of them, somewhat better than the other.

One afternoon, knowing Christine to be on duty downstairs in the kitchen, I decided to go up and visit Jacqueline. I went up the stairs with some apprehension hoping the housemaster wasn't around and she was surprised to see me, but obviously pleased. I was a little uneasy at first but she broke the ice by offering me a drink. We began talking, and me being rather innocent then, this went on for some time while I sat on the bed with my hands on my knees. We ran out of small talk and after an embarrassing pause she suddenly said that I was a bit different from the other boys she had known. Before I could reply, she started tickling my chest through my shirt, saying something about her not usually having to take the initiative. I took the hint, and started running my hand through her hair. This being my first really close contact with a girl, I was soon aroused, and even more so when she unbuttoned my shirt. I began fumbling with her blouse and eventually took it off. Then supreme embarrassment, I couldn't undo the bra clip, but she smiled and took it off herself. I started caressing her erect nipples and, obviously excited now, she stood up and stepped out of her skirt. She reminded me that I still had most of my clothes on, and proceeded to remove them, while I continued my caresses. Soon we were both naked, and lay back on the bed. She brought her body under mine and guided me inside her. Our bodies moved rhythmically together, and we reached a quivering climax. We lay together, sweating and exhausted for a while, then I realised I had to return downstairs . . . For tea!

After a few more visits to her room both girls decided to pay the dormitory a visit one night. They climbed out of their window and across the flat roof of the dorm, but found they couldn't open the windows far enough to get in. To add to the disappointment, a prefect saw the incident and reported it. Individually the members of the dormitory were interrogated the following morning and as a result the girls were sacked and the dormitory had to take over some of their kitchen duties as a punishment. However, the term proved to be the most enjoyable I'd had there. Needless to say, no more attractive staff were employed again, and when I left there the average age was somewhere around 50.
M.S.A.S., Ipswich

Is it a puff before a gust or a gust before a puff except after a whisp?

In the course of research for a book I came across the following gem of English literature. The poem is genuine, printed privately and for private circulation only, in 1763. Since that date it has never been seen, except by a select few, and certainly not by the mass of the public:

Creator pego, by whose aid
Thy humble suppliant was made,
O Source of Bliss, and God of Love,
Shed thy influence from above;
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify me while I sing.

On thee all day and night I call,
Great promised Comforter to all,
Martyrs and Prophets have of old,
Thy wondrous energy foretold,
Come, and awhile vouchsafe to dwell,
In my dark, unfrequented cell.

Thy secret influence impart,
To charm my senses, fire my heart;
Come, pour thy joys on womankind,
Be all my frame to thee resigned,
And, O. Thou rul'st a willing mind.

From loathed Hymen set me free,
Enter a Temple worthy thee,
Where thou a heavenly guest shall prove,
Happy in me to live and Move,
And have a being worthy love.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame,
Almighty Pego, to thy name,
And equal adoration be,
Paid to the neighbouring pair with Thee,
Thrice blessed Glorious Trinity.

The author of this, and other poems, was a person in very high office which serves to show that throughout the ages, man has always been interested in woman, and vice-versa.
Noel Orlestone-Wentworth,
West Hampstead, London, NW6

I feel you have the best English language men's magazine in the world outside the

turn to page 98

LETTERS

continued from page 94

U.S. But, just one thing, get your girls to smile. Your women look cold and bitchy. In life women do look cold and bitchy, but it's the ones who smile, who are genuinely interested in people, that succeed with the public, whether as secretaries or models, or anything else for that matter.
John Duncan Bice, LL.B., B.A., Front Street West, Strathroy, Ontario, Canada

Try pages 27, 46 and 72 of this issue.

It is not often that I have a night out on the town and when I do I usually get stung. For example, when a friend and I went to Soho last week a visit to a strip club was on our agenda, but by the time we had eaten and downed a few drinks it was later in the evening before we found our way to what looked like a suitable place. We entered the club and from previous experiences were determined not to be stung so we went into the membership and admission fees in great detail. The man at the desk could see we were debating whether to go in or not and he offered to let us in at a cut price, which we found acceptable.
As I had expected it was crowded and we had to sit at the back, but when an act finished two men from the front row got up and left and, quick as a flash, we were in those seats. This is the life, I said as the next act closed. I ate my words when the lights came on and a voice said: 'that concludes our evening's entertainment'.
Stung again!
K.H., Sutton, Surrey

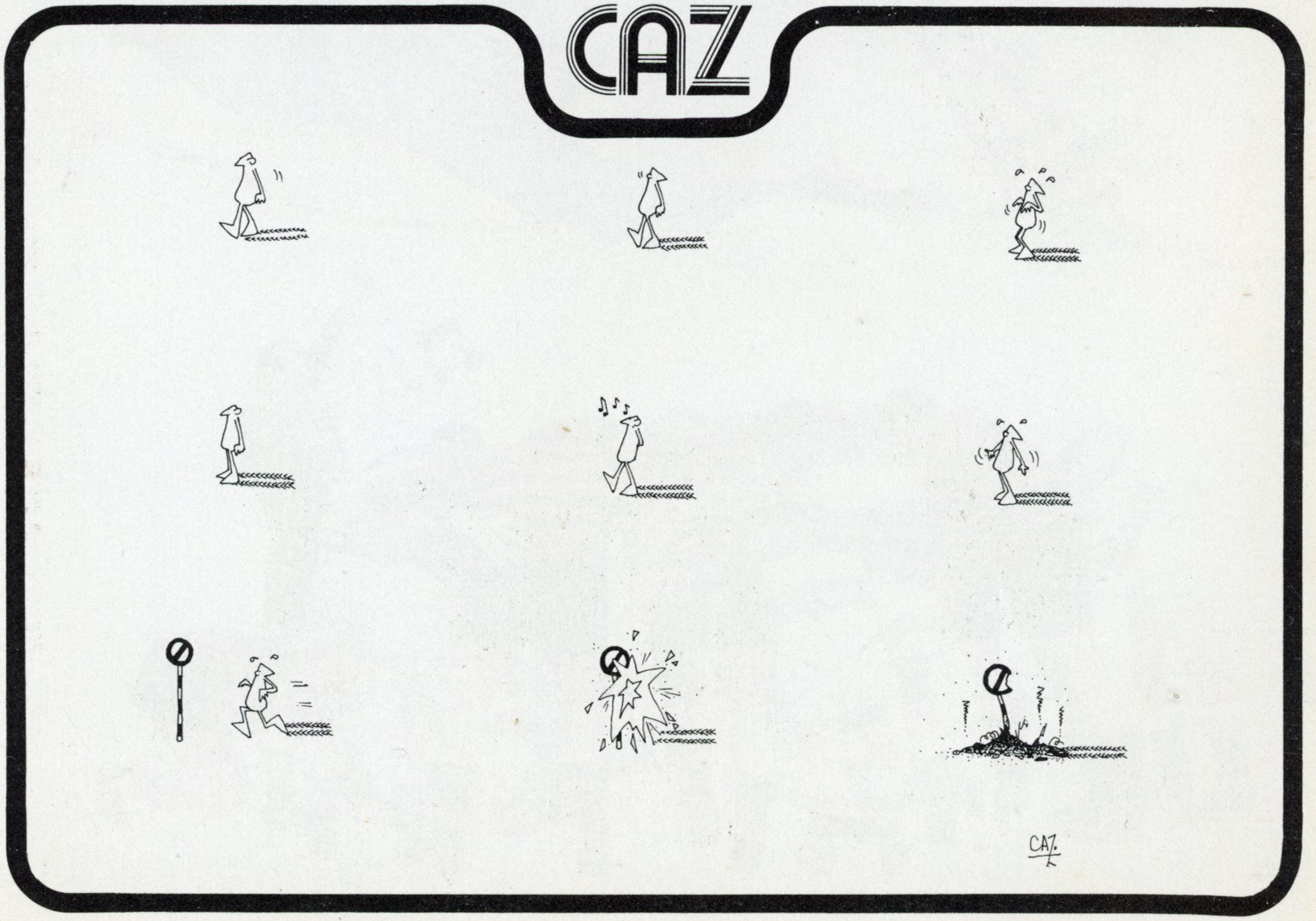
As a long standing reader of your excellent magazine, I am surprised and quite fed up (and I'm sure I'm not alone) that you persist in publishing letters about how good the Phoenix club is. If this is some form of advertising I wish you would treat it as such and put it on an appropriate page.
W.F.S.

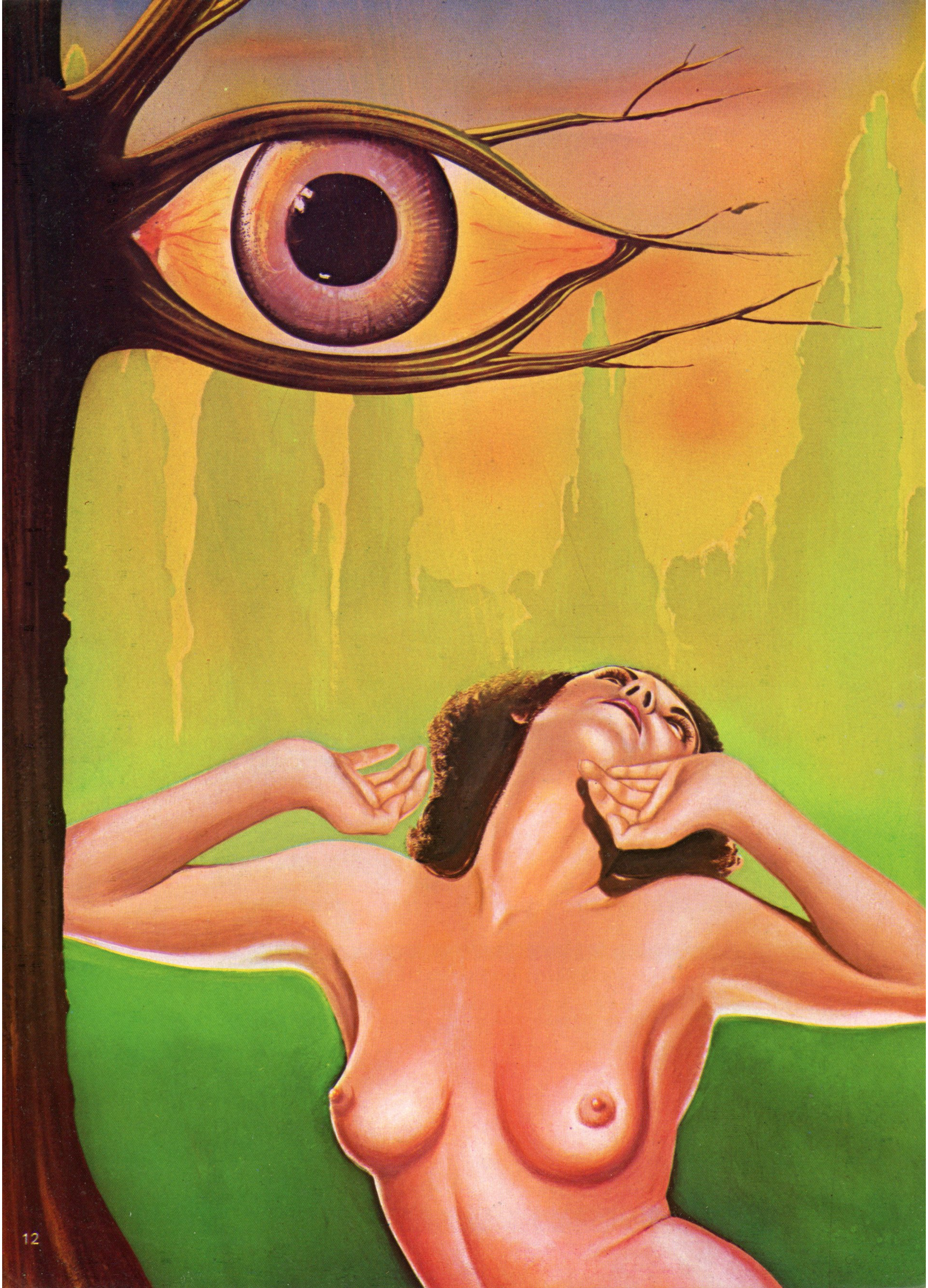
Letters recommending strip clubs, or anything else for that matter, are not a form of advertising. There are so many strip clubs in London that it is difficult to find which are the best other than trial and error, which can be expensive. We therefore welcome comments, whether good or bad, on this subject, as they offer valuable experience to our readers. Provided, of course, they are not 'inspired' letters from shrewd club managers.

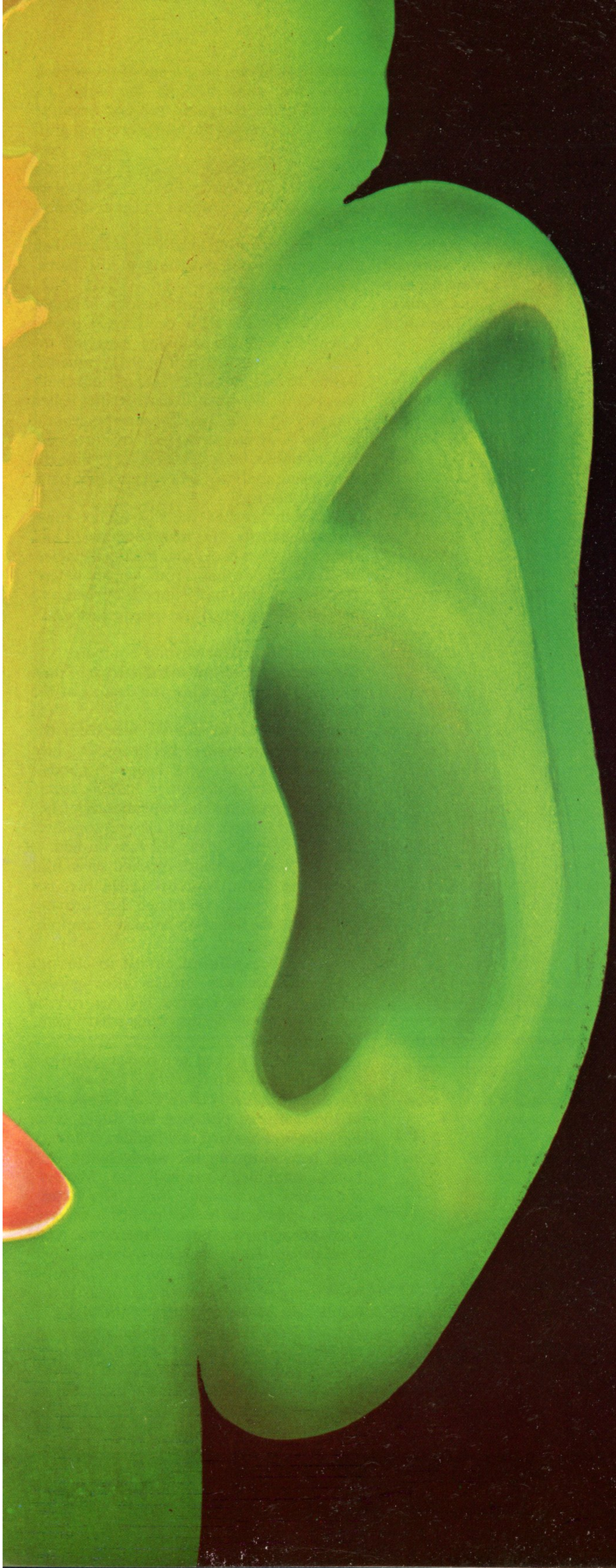
Much has been said, and very likely will continue to be said for all time about the erotic nature of stockings and suspenders. Personally, they neither turn me on to any great extent but neither do they turn me off. However, indirectly I have benefited from them.
Usually men talk of the effect stockings and suspenders have on their sex urge. What of the girls who wear them? My newly acquired girlfriend admitted to me pretty early on that she was turned on by wearing them, and particularly enjoyed making love dressed in this fashion. This was quite a surprise because I have only heard men praise the stockings and suspenders look, but she admitted that the effect on the man was not important. Wearing them makes her hotter (not that she really needs to be hotter) so in a way they have added something to our sex life.
J.E.D., Bromsgrove, Worcestershire

I have never seen anything in *Mayfair* about my own personal delight. I have an absolute fetish for women's corsets and girdles. Nothing delights me more than to watch a plump woman walking, sitting, bending and so on when I can see that she is tightly corsetted. I have at last persuaded my wife, who is 29, to part with her abominable tights and 'gripper-knickers' and revert to that most womanly of garments – the wrap-round, hookside corset. Her measurements are 36-27-38 and she is just beginning to lose her youthful firmness. However, when I watch her dress in the morning and see the corset tighten around her waist and bottom, it turns me on more than almost anything.
F.D.J., Barry, Glamorgan

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ







GERONTION

A Peeping Tom across the gulf of centuries, Martin spied on sensuous Drusilla

Fiction by Gerald Cole

Wind syphoning through the beechwood, scooping the curve of the hillside. Fluorescent lights spreading bland shadows across the site of the ruins.

Martin looked up from the kitchen table. A hum of conversation. Three, four hundred people. Through the window car headlamps corkscrewed up the gravel path from the crossroads.

A good night – height of the holiday season when twenty thousand people a month streamed through the Cotswolds. PRC units wove magic everywhere. See the Battle of Tewkesbury as it really happened. The destruction of Hales Abbey. Don't miss the villa at Thrupfield.

He sighed. One performance a night. Six nights a week. It was hard for an old man, alone.

He looked at the veins like contour lines on the back of his hands. He was tall and gaunt, dressed in sagging tweed. Once his gauntness had given him a spare attractiveness. Now the bones showed through.

He was in his early sixties – though age was hard to tell – and drying up. His childless wife dead, a family business he had no aptitude for robbed him of an adequate education. Now, in solitude, he pursued his first and last love: the past. The spirit of dead ages, dead obsessions. And the woman he loved.

Five to nine. He put down his coffee cup, rose, went to the sink, washed the cup and moved to the front door.

A chill in the night air. Pasty light whitewashed the front of the house. Two family groups glanced at him as he walked stiffly towards the PRC shed.

He could see stars dimly beyond the lights' glare. The wooden door of the shed clicked open and shut. The plasti-leather chair was cold at first. He rested his hands on the console.

Through the picture window lay the ruins of the villa, a distorted square with ankle-high lines of brick marking the walls. Dull colour glowed in the central mosaics. It was very brightly lit. The audience, half obscured by darkness, sat round on raised benches, a low guard rail before them.

Martin switched on the generator. In the darkened shed behind him the ventilator fans began to whirr. He tapped the tannoy microphone, an electronic crackling echoed over the site. A glance at his watch.

He fixed the date and time indicator. July 21 487 AD. Dials registered maximum output. He took a deep breath.

'Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the site of the Thrupfield Roman villa. As most of you know this place is haunted.

'One summer morning a little over 1,500 years ago Saxon pirates, marauding from the River Severn, attacked and destroyed the villa which stood here. The memory of that terrible event still lingers in the ruins and in the forest round about.

'A few years ago the thought of ghosts and apparitions might have alarmed most of you – but today we know better. With the help of a Past Reconstruction Unit we can "tune in" as it were on the memories that remain here and reconstruct a three dimensional image of events that actually took place.

'Tonight we shall be going back to the early morning of July 21, 487 AD – nearly 80 years after the legions have returned to Rome. We are looking at the home of Marcus Antonius Censorinus, a wealthy farmer and local administrator. A Romanised farmer and local administrator. A Romanised Briton. With his wife, Drusilla, his family and servants, he actually lived on this spot.'

At once the lights died over the site, and the generator note rose an octave. The temperature dropped noticeably.

Four bowl-reflectors suspended on poles at each corner of the ruins flashed with sudden brilliance. Gradually the stars faded behind a softer, more ancient light.

A cube of brightness formed over the villa. Within it the atmosphere thickened over scrubbed brick, ochre roof tiles, dull guttering.

The crowd, on cue, gasped. Martin, appreciative, smiled. A new wonder. He had done it.

And the villa stood, solid and complete, bathed in ancient sunlight, as real as the glowing box of light in which it was contained.

'It is five o'clock in the morning. Last night's cooking fires are embers.' He thumbed a button. A wall became transparent. Smoke curled up from a stone hearth. 'Servants and masters are asleep.' Another button. The villa became a glass box.

In a long dormitory, figures curled on wooden benches. Facing Martin, sprawled on a large double bed, shapeless beneath blankets, slept Marcus Antonius Censorinus and his wife Drusilla. Drusilla, beautiful beyond compare.

Martin's eyes fell there automatically.

☆ ☆ ☆

Martin stood at his bedroom window and watched the lights of the last car wind away to the Thrupfield road junction.

Eleven o'clock. No one else would follow this road tonight. Wait an hour to be sure.

The show had gone well, the massacre selectively shown. Some details still required Ministry authorisation – 'for historians only'. Normally Martin would have scoffed at that kind of puritanism.

He had been at the villa now for six years. He felt a part of it.

At midnight, his heart beating slow and steady, he went to the PRC shed and turned on the generator.

He fixed the date and time indicator at July 21, 487 AD, 1.30 am, established the co-ordinates of the bedroom of Marcus Antonius Censorinus and his wife Drusilla, and activated the corner reflectors.

In front of him, isolated by the darkness of the night, a shimmering golden cage formed out of the air.

Candles lit the master bedroom, flickering tongues of warm red light darted at the rich wall drapings, the heavy fur carpet, the bright tiled floor. Darkness lifted and fell from the high ceiling like a hooded cap. Clothes trailed from wickerwork chairs, and on the bed – clinging together on the bare expanse of fine white linen – Marcus and Drusilla lay naked making love.

Martin breathed deeply. Seeing that the controls were set, he got out of the console chair and went through the door. He ducked under the guard rail and began to walk slowly across the neatly cropped grass of the ruins.

The night was utterly silent, only the psychic chill in the air. Martin's boots squeaked on the grass. His breathing faltered momentarily.

Their bodies moved like living statues, their flesh golden and glistening in the flamelight.

Marcus was in his early forties, a heavy, muscular man with a deceptively boyish face. He had the aquiline nose of the conquerors, the dark hair of the conquered. Beside his bulk Drusilla was small and childlike. Only her face, bearing the sullen intensity of roused passion, was not youthful. Her body was sleek, well-proportioned. She lay on her back, a leg raised to hide the slow manipulation of her husband's hand between her legs.

His mouth brushed the tips of her small rounded breasts. Her head, eyes small and tight shut, went back, shaking thick ringlets of straw blonde hair from her shoulders. Her mouth, full, puffy-lipped, opened and her hand grasped at her husband's shoulders.

Beautiful. Beautiful beyond compare.

She shuddered with a soundless gasp, then twisted abruptly, curling and darting at her husband's loins.

Slowly, silhouetted not six feet from the image, Martin sank to his knees. His face granite, fine shivers went through his body.

Her back was a delight, a narrow subtle valley curving into the twin moons of her buttocks. Martin's hands clasped together, clamped onto his loins. His face flushed.

Gently, while her hands reached up to him again and again, Marcus turned her, lay her on her back, quietened her heaving thighs with the flat of his hand and carefully opened her legs.

Her eyes, heavy-lidded almost to closing, drew him in, her breasts rose mountainously. As he entered her her mouth rounded in a silent, wide-eyed gasp. Martin gasped.

Marcus' hand flicked her breast. Martin's hand stretched into thin air.

They moved quickly to a climax. She pushed at the mattress, plunging her thighs onto him, her face glowing red. Sudden shudders took her, whipping her whole body. Her hands scrabbled frantically at Marcus' shoulders, scratching him. Her back arched spectacularly, her mouth a cavern, eyes staring far far beyond the room. And then, exhausted, unconscious, she sank, her head lolling sideways on the white linen.

Marcus' head lay between her breasts. the candlelight curled and spat at the walls.

A wind from the present chilled the sweat on Martin's forehead. He rested, dog-like, on his hands and knees. Eyes shut, trousers open, a hand clutching the handkerchief in front of him.

Suddenly he was cold. His head lifted fractionally and his eyelids tightened together.

His throat made a sound like a whimper.

turn to page 16

mike williams

'. . . and I thought I had problems.'

GERONTION

continued from page 14

His lips moved in the thinnest whisper: 'You silly stupid . . . stupid old man.'

* * *

The corner lights faded and the night rushed in on a wind. He crouched over the console, his face in his hands. The shed door creaked. How long now? A year, eighteen months . . .

He coughed, fumbling to button his trousers. The self-contempt was like a flame inside him.

There had been a visual imbalance, he had tampered with the date and time indicator. Foolishly – he was not a trained engineer, but the Ministry engineer took weeks to turn up.

And by chance he had found them. Normally a signal so many hours distant from the psychic disturbance would hardly have registered. But their passion had left a firm indentation in the temporal landscape.

So, he – tired dry old man, alone – after thirty years of highly satisfactory marriage – slavered over them, couldn't tear himself away from watching an act he had long ago ceased to see himself taking any more part in.

It sickened him. The girl was young enough to be a daughter, but seeing or hearing her name made him catch his breath. And more than sick, it was absurd. She was over a thousand years dead. She was no more real than the light waves beaming out of the PRC projector.

'Here I am, an old man in a dry month . . .'

Outside someone laughed. Martin's heart froze. Ridiculously he thought it might be the girl, mocking him out there.

He sat bolt upright, then eased himself off the chair and went to the door. There was no moonlight. The light in the hall of the house seemed unimaginably distant.

Something rustled far off in the beech wood. Then a rising and falling note like the wind.

He shook his head. Some animal. No one came near the villa at night.

* * *

'Hello mate. Still keeping it up, are you?' Ron Henderson, the regional PRC engineer, lolled against the porchway, grinning. Martin's expression was sour. His initial dislike of the man had recently turned to loathing.

'I expected you last week.'

'All good things come to those who wait. Mustn't be greedy.' Smiling, Henderson watched him, swinging his tool bag in a leisurely manner with both hands. He was tall, bespectacled, Italianate, with crinkly hair and an oily skin.

'I'll show you the unit,' said Martin. He moved into the sunshine, pulling the front door shut behind him.

'You're lucky to see me here this morning,' said Henderson as they walked towards the PRC shed. 'Had a bloody marvellous time last night. God, she gave me something to think about.' Martin grunted. 'Thought I'd never get back to the missus by morning. Jesus, those skinny ones, they screw you past the bedpost.'

Martin opened the door to the PRC shed.

'You know I find your conduct and your attitudes objectionable . . .'

'You know your trouble, don't you?' Henderson sidled past. 'Stuck up here miles from anywhere – all alone. You want someone to talk to. I'm serious – you'll go round the twist.'

He dropped the tool bag, lifted open an inspection panel. 'Why don't you put an ad in the Echo, eh? "Housekeeper needed. Interesting position." ' He was grinning. 'Old bloke like you, it would be interesting.'

Martin flushed. 'Now look . . .'

'All right, all right!' Henderson raised his hands. 'Have a joke, can't I?' He slammed the panel. 'Looks O.K. How's the console?'

Martin murmured, 'No trouble.' 'Good, try a run-through, shall we?' said Henderson. He moved towards the console chair.

Momentarily Martin's heart skipped a beat. But he had re-adjusted the date and time indicator. It was all right.

'Shall we have some of the juicy bits. Bit of the historians only?'

Martin's heart thudded. He knew what was there. But it was better than Henderson finding what Martin watched in secret.

'I don't mind in the least.'

'Well, that's good.' While Henderson fixed the date and time and started the generator, Martin hung back at the door.

'Aren't you going to watch then?'

Martin grunted and moved to the corner of the window.

In daylight the villa had the faded look of an old sepia photograph. Glimpses of a distant landscape shimmered like incomplete dissolves in a cinema film.

Henderson transparenced the walls. Now it looked like a stage set. A grey-haired matronly woman, dressed in a grey shift, knelt before the hearth in the kitchen.

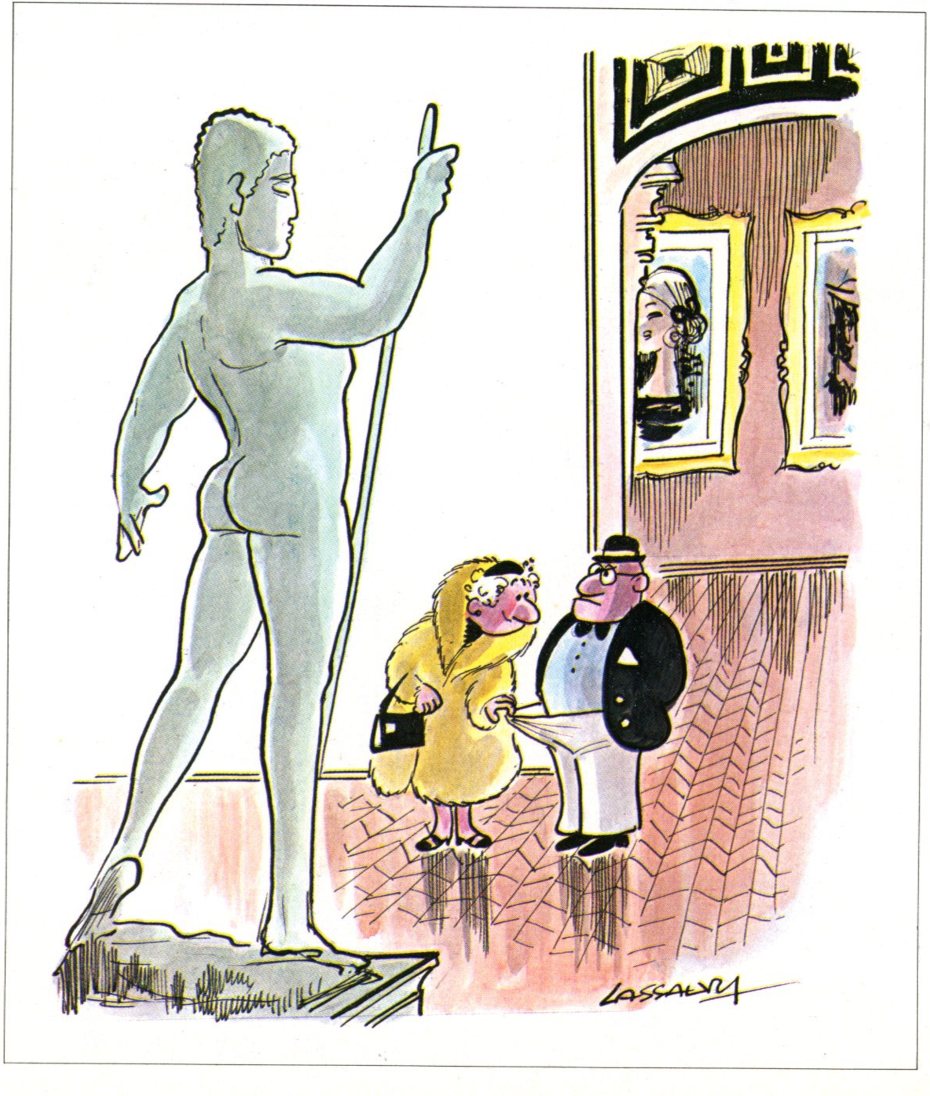
Her hands worked quickly and expertly, rousing newly glowing embers. Martin knew the time exactly. Six five am, July 21. They had two minutes left.

In the servants' dormitory two men sat on benches, rubbing their eyes. From the corner of the courtyard a young boy appeared, swinging a pail overflowing with water. A mongrel snapped at his heels, leapt away barking soundlessly when the boy lashed out with his feet.

In the master bedroom no one stirred.

Smoke was pouring from the kitchen hearth. A man stood at the entrance to the courtyard. He was short and squat with a drooping red moustache. He wore a knee-length wool tunic, tied with a broad belt. His legs were criss-crossed with leather thongs. His flowing hair was trapped beneath an

turn to page 18



GERONTION

continued from page 16

ornamental bronze helmet. He carried a long, narrow-pointed spear. A short sword was stuck in his belt.

The boy, still bothered by the dog, didn't notice him. A young man, newly wakened from the dormitory, stumbled into the courtyard. He looked up and saw the man. The movement was very quick. Martin had slowed the projector to catch it in more detail but it was lightning-fast at any speed. The spear appeared absurdly in the young man's chest. His eyes still registered disbelief as he hit the ground. Then the boy turned. In time to see the downsweep of the running man's sword.

Suddenly long-haired, brown-tunicked men were pouring through the gate of the villa. They fanned out quickly, kicked open doors, leapt through windows.

The matronly woman fell, her skull split, into the kitchen fire. Burning logs rolled across the floor.

Most of the male servants were still in the dormitory. They had only benches, stools and blankets to hand. Forced into a corner, two fell from windows, the others were clubbed to death with their own benches.

In the kitchen an oil jar exploded. Flames engulfed the room. Another group found the women's dormitory. Two elderly women tried to hold the doors shut and were crushed against the walls. The half dozen younger women ran screaming out of the side doors. Three raiders chased a girl towards the master bedroom.

Martin, watching dourly, averted his eyes.

The young woman burst into the bedroom. Marcus sat bolt upright in bed. Drusilla, still asleep beside him, stretched an arm over his waist. Both were still naked.

A man threw himself through the door, landing on the woman.

Marcus stumbled out of bed. The second raider came through the door and swung instinctively with his sword. A red gash appeared from shoulder blade to thigh, burst open. Marcus, wide-eyed, crumpled onto the bed.

Drusilla woke smeared with her husband's blood. She sat up expressionless apparently bemused, unaware of her nakedness. She looked from her bloodied loins to the three strangers in the bedroom.

While one struggled with the servant girl, the two others stared back, motionless.

Martin, counting the seconds, peered at the console. Henderson's expression was rapt. Martin could feel the long silent scream rising from the depths of Drusilla's being. They raped her quietly and efficiently, the servant girl soon forgotten. They began taking turns, then two together from front and behind. When she fainted they poured water on her or pinched her. Once they urinated on her.

While this went on Marcus woke twice. The first time they kicked him senseless. The second time Drusilla had finally refused to revive so they took Marcus outside and nailed him to the wall of the courtyard. This was a great joke. The household was Christian.

By now the villa was burning from end to end. Only the prettiest and toughest servant girls were alive. The raiders squabbled over booty in the middle of the courtyard then found a wagon and began to load it. Smoke obscured them.

Martin raised his eyes.

The master bedroom was still unburnt. Drusilla, naked, lay face down on the bed, her buttocks a mass of bruises, scratches on her back, a bloody wound in her shoulder. Slowly, half hidden by the thickening smoke, she slipped from the bed, dragging a stained bed sheet behind her. She was hidden on the floor for a moment, then tottered upright.

Flames gushed in at the door. Her hand found a window sill. She was hanging at the side of the window.

Then smoke was everywhere. Part of the villa crashed into the courtyard. The raiders ran in panic. And when the smoke cleared the master bedroom was empty.

* * *

'She's a nice bit of stuff, that Roman bird,' said Henderson, killing the power. A strained tone. Martin grudgingly noted that the man had been affected by the scenes. 'Wouldn't have minded a bit of that myself.'

Martin choked. 'It was a tragic, stupid affair,' he snapped. 'Now I must get on . . .'

'All right then . . . all right . . .' Henderson urged as he swept out, slamming the shed door.

* * *

He had been over that final scene a thousand times. Fixed the co-ordinates for the master bedroom only, frozen it second by second by second. Still the smoke obscured it, still within vital seconds she had gone.

And afterwards – as if all the horror of the raid had exhausted the capacity of the landscape to retain anything – it was a blank. Where life ceased, ghosts ceased.

Had she escaped? Had she lived on in a decaying Roman Britain – or had she died a dozen steps from the burning villa?

The thought obsessed him – irrationally.

Half he wished for her own sake that she had survived. Half he wanted her spirit to have rested here, bound by her agony to this place and to him.

* * *

She came towards him slowly. A thin, semi-diaphanous gown hid the movement of her feet, swirled the dust of the courtyard.

His heart pounded. Her face was magical. Lit from within by an intense, consuming warmth. Her eyes shone, her full lips smiled, her slim arms lifted, reached towards him, reached and reached . . .

'Drusilla!'

He shuddered awake, blinking in the darkness. Alone in a booming silence. It was seconds before he realised it was he who had shouted out in the night. Ghosts, ghosts . . . He gasped and shivered. So real, so very real.

He turned his head on the pillow, staring across the dark bedroom. Slowly it filled with sounds. The clock, bubbling immersion, night noises in the forest.

It was an old dream, more frequent of late. No one had seen any unbidden ghosts here since the installation of the PRC unit. Martin snorted. His was a private derangement.

Then he remembered the date. July 20 – or 21st? He sighed, then struggled upright in the bed, fumbled for the alarm.

One fifteen. Anniversary of the massacre, night of the lovemaking.

He swallowed. No, not tonight as well. Surely. He was excited already at the thought . . .

* * *

The night was balmy, moonless. Shuffling blindly along the gravel path to the PRC shed he allowed himself to think self-indulgently: 'I shall go back. This is absurd.' The thought was even more meaningless than usual.

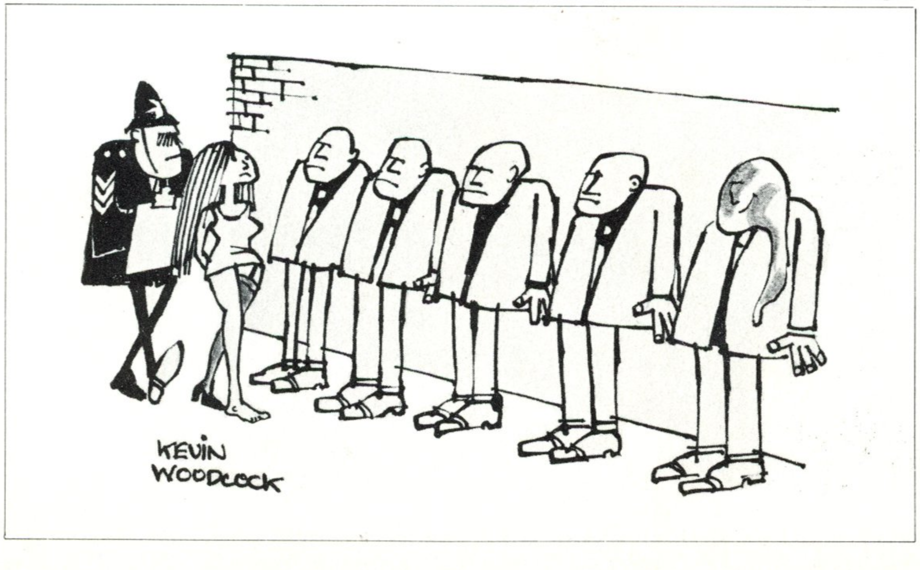
A twig cracked loudly as he touched the shed door. He teetered. There never was anyone. The pounding of his heart made him unstoppable.

His fingers, sticky with tension, raced over the console. The generator hummed. A tight grin slit his face.

'O God – God!' he mouthed.

The lights flashed like brilliant lightning. Flamelight crawled across the grass of the

turn to page 35



GERONTION

continued from page 18

villa. And they were there. Naked, flushed, burning for each other at the moment of copulation.

He gasped, bursting from the shed, stumbling towards her over the guard rail. Her body was living fire, her face a mask of ecstasy.

He ran, his dressing gown falling open, his pyjama trousers loosening and tumbling absurdly.

She was almost there, mouthing, thrashing her head on the pillow, driving down her naked body, again and again and again.

He stumbled, grazed his knees, hobbled up, plunged forward, paused a yard from the writhing image.

Her mouth stretched in a final soundless scream.

'Now – do it! Do it!' he shouted. She came, he too over the empty grass.

'Yoo-hoo!'

A spear lanced down his throat and stopped his heart. He feel on one knee, half dead.

'Well, if it's not the phantom wanker!' The cry echoed from the darkness. He crouched, near to vomiting, clutched at his pyjama trousers. This could not be.

'Had a good wank – dirty old man!'

From behind. Some of the village youths. Had to be. O God. If I can think. If I can hide. He fell on both knees, made to move.

'That's it – crawl away Peter, crawl away Paul!' All round. 'He's trying to lay a ghost!' Howls of laughter. 'Dirty bastard!' 'Your balls'll drop off!' 'Dirty old man!'

Terror rising inside him. Everything, everything known. He was burning over every inch of his body. And the whole world saw.

A short, thick-set youth, moustachioed, long-haired, stood behind him at the villa gate.

'Will you do it again for us, old man. That was the best show in years!'

Grinning. Laughter pouring out of the night. The darkness was everywhere. He ran.

Headlong through the image which swirled and blurred – random blobs of red, green, yellow – through the window that dissolved, vaulting the guard rail, crashing heedless through benches.

'Look at him go! Get your legs up – get your legs up!'

Mind a cavern. Ballooning inwards – darkness, night, voices, whirling outside.

'Come on – head him off! Stupid old bastard'll kill himself!'

Something lashed him in the darkness. Rough bark rasped his shin. Ground crackled underfoot. Crying, he stumbled on.

'He's up in the trees – I can't bloody see him.'

And a flurry of whiteness. Sudden chill. Striking at him through his panic. He stumbled between two beech trees, staring. The figure ran in front of him. Pale. Luminescent. Blonde tangles twisting, untwisting. The bedsheet draped over one shoulder, the other bare, bloody.

His heart drummed to a thunder. She was almost gone, staggering, near to collapse.

'No-ooo!'

No dream. He lurched forward, throwing out his scrawny arms.

'I heard the fucker shout. Where are you phantom wanker!'

She faltered, turned. Terror in her bruised face. His heart leapt. No dream. This is where I should be.

'Please . . .!' Her face was grey. She flung herself forward. A fur-clad raider stepped from the trees. A spear-edge gleamed.

'Hey! – I see him!'

Weeping, as he ran at her, he saw the spear-point explode between her shoulder blades.

'My darling!'

His arms clutched her to him as she fell.

* * *

The torch flashed on the youth in the fur coat, curled up on the beech mast.

'Hey, Jacko, what are you doing there?'

He coughed and began quietly to vomit.

'Eh, you mucky bastard. Mind my shoes.'

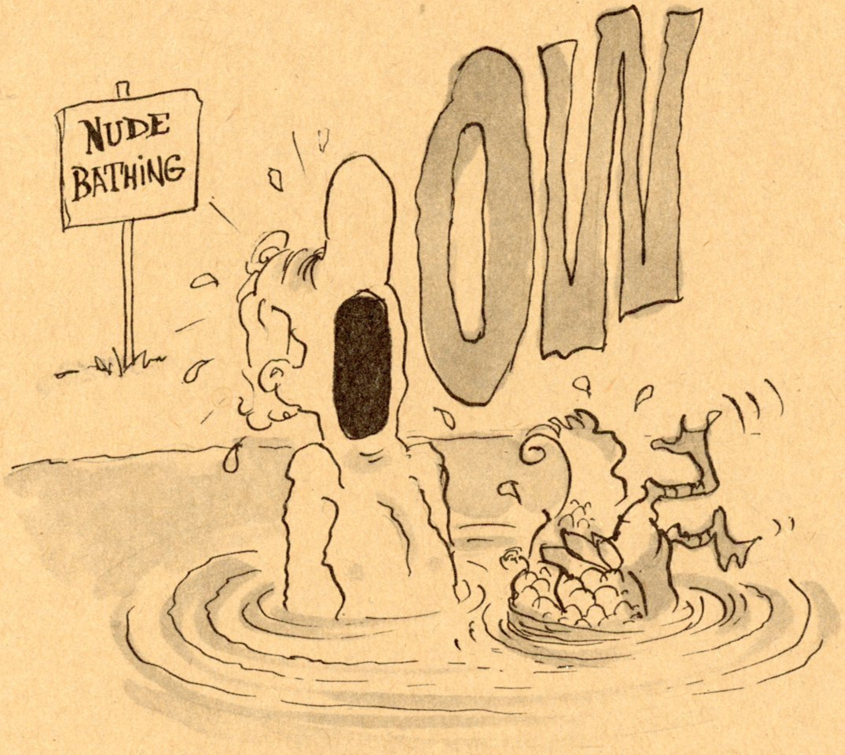
'What is it, Jacko?' A second youth knelt beside him. The youth on the ground spluttered, gabbled, 'He saw me and ran at it! He bloody ran at it . . .'

'You what?' The kneeling youth swung the torch.

The beam caught the side of an ageing beech tree. An old dead branch, snapped off long ago, left a narrow spike sticking out at chest height.

Martin hung on it.

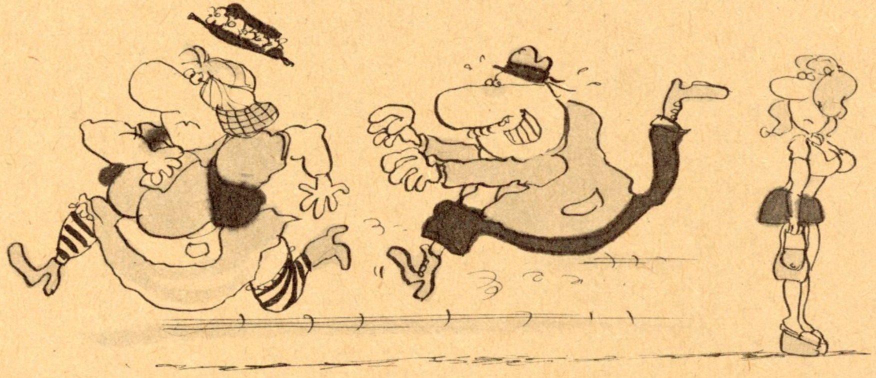
'I got sent off for a foul.'



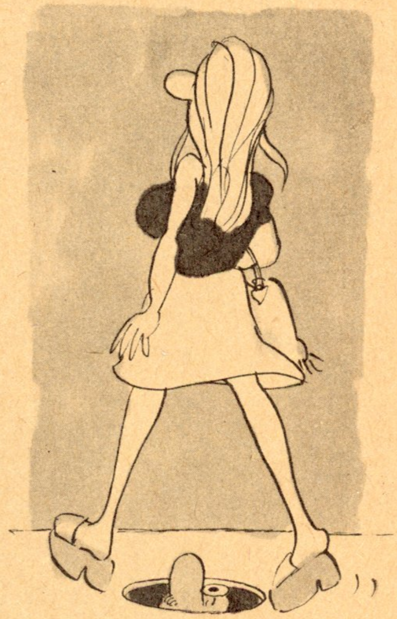
Out for a duck

Animal behaviour

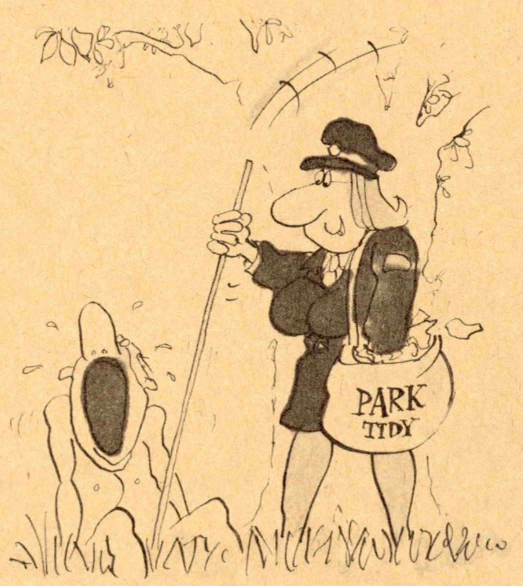
Our dumb friends crop up in many familiar phrases. Now Peter Maddocks suggests that our own animal instincts might have created them



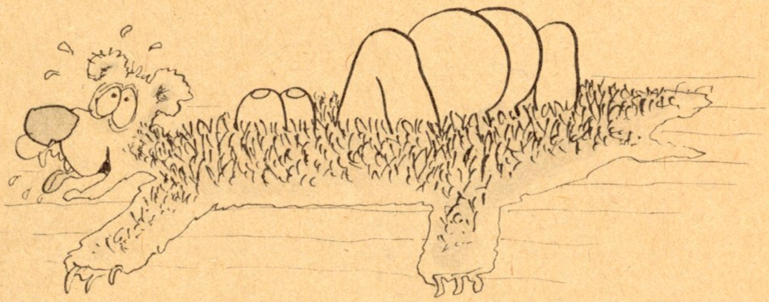
Better to be done for a sheep than a lamb



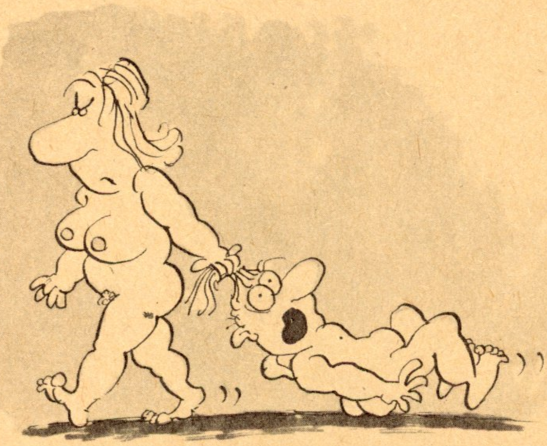
A worm's eye view



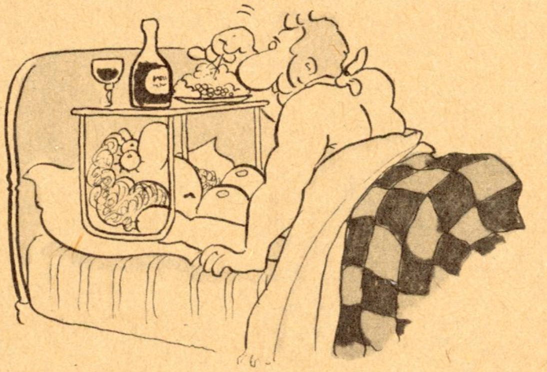
Snake in the grass



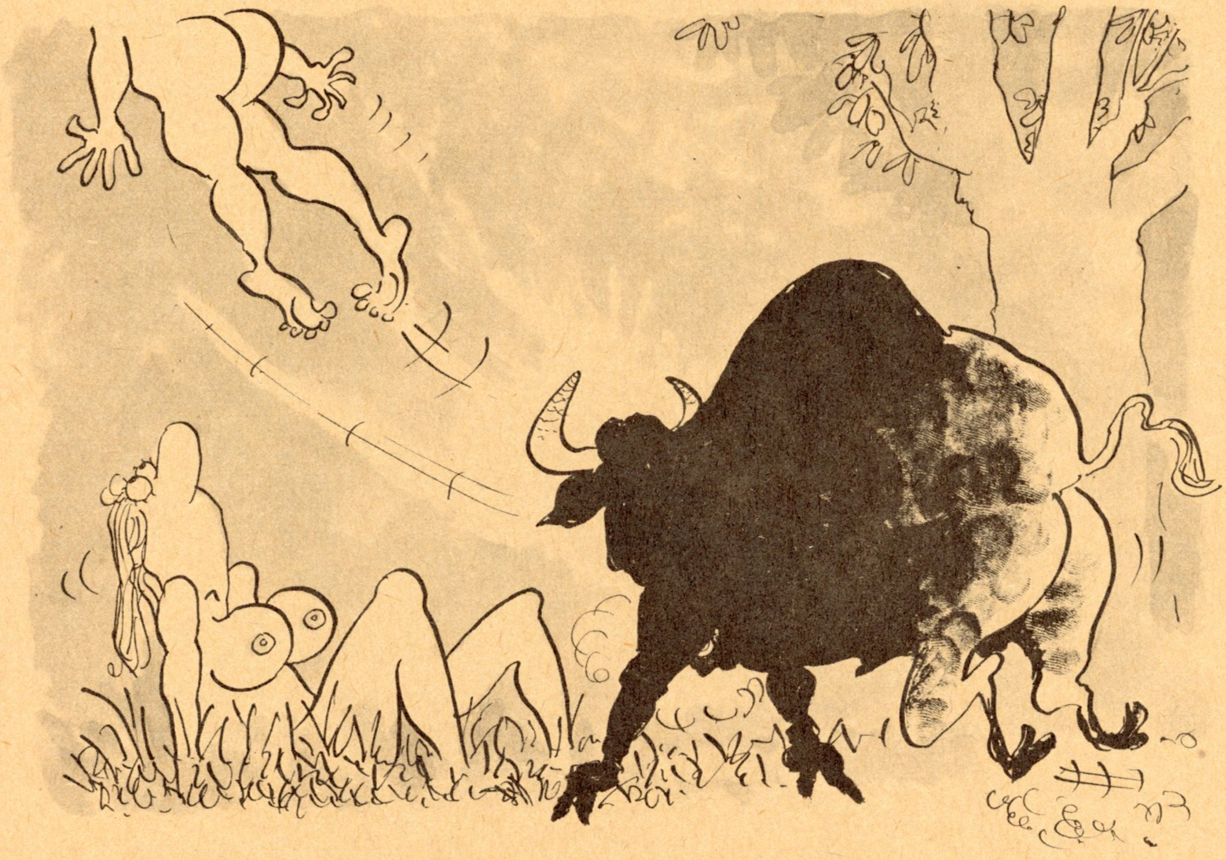
Snug as a bug in a rug



Hair of the dog that bit me



A pig in a poke



A cock and bull story

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

How do you like your teenage girls? Slender, nubile and promisingly juicy, of course. Only question is – how much of that promise will they ever fulfil? John Rechy, an American novelist who's already explored some of society's farther reaches (especially erotic ones) has a searching look at them in his new yarn **The Fourth Angel** (W. H. Allen, £1.75). Just how much of a come-on all that beckoning teenage flesh may actually be we learn from the very start. It looks all-enticing at first glance. Two 16-year-olds lying on the grass together, one straddles the other, they seem locked to the very pelvic bone and grinding appropriately . . .

'You're pressing too hard,' the girl complains.

'Then why the fuck don't you get on top,' the boy ripostes.

'In one quick motion, Shell (short for Michelle) mounts him. "Like this?" A sudden bolting anger in her gesture, she arches her body over his, lunging downward fiercely from her hips. He pushes her back roughly, his legs lock hers. Despite the proximity, a severe coldness seizes their bodies, fused together like pieces of ice.

'Shell laughs coldly. "How does it feel?" she fires at him.

' "Shut up," he admonishes. "You'll fucking turn him off if he's already up there . . ."

' "Raise my skirt higher," Shell orders. Cob (the boy) raises it, revealing her tawny hips. Their lips crash on each other, cold like iron. Cob's hands stroke her breasts. Shell's body tenses . . .'

Then the bubble is exploded by our cunning author. The kids aren't really making love – just miming it – hoping to catch a Peeping Tom in some nearby bushes in the park. But a third member of the teenage gang fluffs it, and the hoped-for victim gets away.

This is the game that the 'four angels' of Rechy's title play continuously – the fellows using the girl, who's egging on the chaps – to entrap unwary victims. Must be unnerving to think you're on to a sure thing with a pick-up, and then at the crucial moment of tenderness find yourself transfixed by the penetrating (wait for it) beams of the young gang's torches.

Rechy reckons his quartet are wayward rather than wicked, though a couple they interrupt in the act of making love may not have agreed. Not surprisingly, the couple ceased from their amorous exertions. Then Shell's gang had a brighter idea than that. They ordered the hapless pair to start again – but nervousness softened the erotic impulse, and coitus once interruptus never could be recommenced . . .

Playing with fire this way eventually catches up with Shell and the boys.

One of them rips the front of her dress, exposing her breasts, naked, full and firm to their open-mouthed gaze . . .

While one boy cups her breasts, one in each hand, squeezing them experimentally, another tears her dress down to leave her almost naked in tatters. The first boy continues to explore her body, his fingers moving clumsily but with hypnotised fascination towards the parting between her legs with its soft triangle lightly brushed with hair . . . Shell pushes the one-time comrade away, angering him with the vigour of the shove, and he returns swiftly to the charge, unbuckling his pants to reveal himself expectantly throbbing and erect . . . But Shell, clothes or none, still has a trick to torment the boys with. She looks sullenly at her first tormentor and orders him to take her first . . .

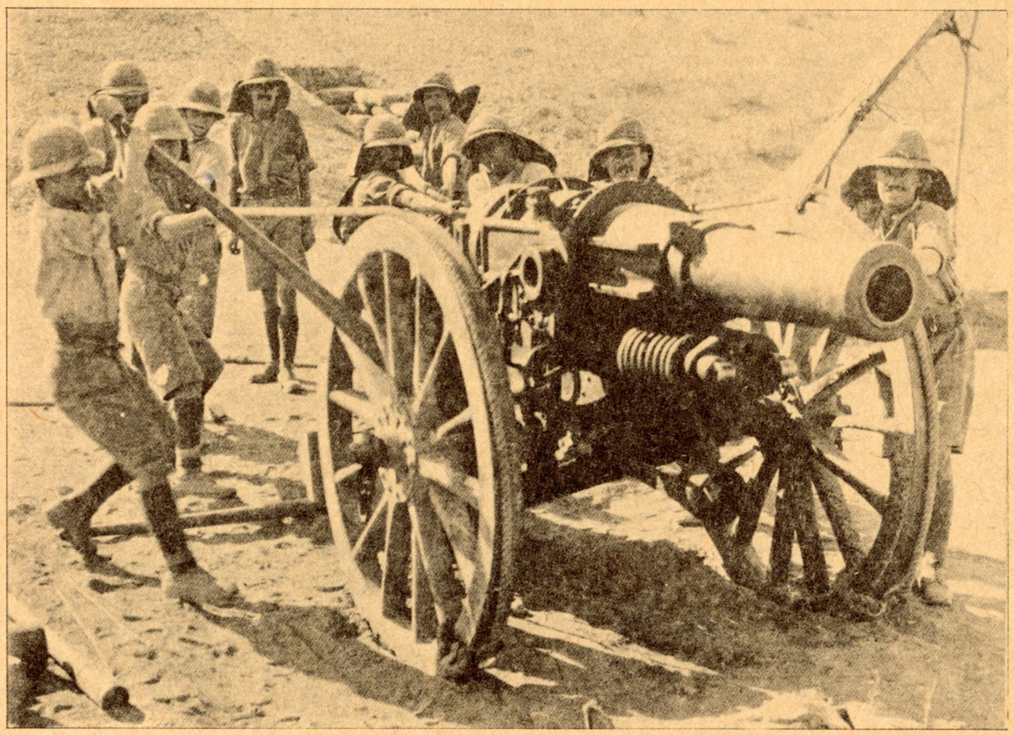
The very fact of being ordered by the girl seems to turn the boy off, and with a sudden movement of almost incredible strength, Shell rips the now flinching youth's shirt from his body, tears it into strips and ties his hands behind his back, forcing him to the ground so that anybody could have their will of him . . .

Teenagers? No wonder I've always been in love with older women!

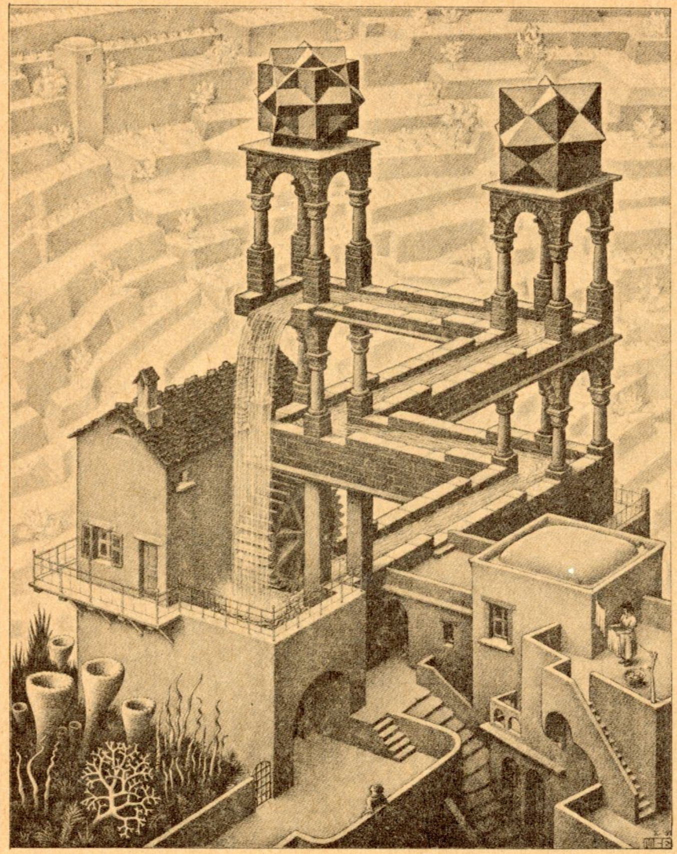
Now here's a fascinating problem: from which end should a chap undress a girl? It's not the only problem in Richard Brautigan's strange little story **The Abortion** (Cape, due out soon). His heroine, Vida, had a different sort of problem. Her impact on men was fantastic. 'Her face,' Brautigan writes, 'was so delicate, perfect, but her body was fantastically developed for the fragility of her face. She had very large fully realized breasts and an incredibly tiny waist and large full hips that tapered down into long majestic legs.'

And Vida hated her marvellous body – even though she would wear the very clothes, tight blue sweater and black leather boots, designed to accentuate its appeal to men. 'She was so beautiful that the advertising people would have made her into a national park if they would have gotten their hands on her.'

The narrator of this story, a recluse-librarian into whose bookish life this miracle of female nature comes, consoles her with his first automatic gesture of comfort – a bar of chocolate. She tells his sympathetic ear that to have had a 36-inch bust at the age of eleven was not absolute heaven, and she confesses that she wears dowdy and shapeless clothes in an effort to run away from her own all-too desirable flesh. The librarian has never been



The start of a modern war produces a tremendous upsurge of energy and spurs people on to produce all kinds of ingenious new weapons. In 'British Artillery and Weapons' (Ian Allan, £6.50), I. V. Hogg and L. F. Thurston describe the incredible variety of heavy guns invented and produced in this country during World War I. These start with the tiny One Pounder Pom Pom Anti-Aircraft Gun, ranging through field guns and howitzers up to the enormous 18-inch BL Railway Gun which was so huge that it had to be mounted on a railway track. Contemporary photographs like the one of a small wheeled howitzer and its crew shown above, are included for each gun. Painstakingly written and researched, this amazing book gives superb pictures and complete details of every one of these weapons. It includes complete chapters on ammunition and detonators as they developed throughout the war. Although there is a wealth of technical detail, it is presented in a way the average reader can easily follow.



For centuries men have been fascinated by optical illusions like this waterfall which seems to keep on running for ever. One of the many brilliant lithographs from 'The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher' (*Pan/Ballantine*, £1.25), *a superb book of similar intriguing and often disturbing pictures, by this master of provocative art.*

confronted with a problem like this before. Still, he understands women well enough to know that he'll have to work round her body without startling her like a deer. He begins by holding her hand, and then he crouches forward slowly to kiss her gently on the mouth.

Well, he needed time to think: 'It's a hard decision whether to start at the top or the bottom.

'I slowly let my hands drift down her face while I kissed her and then further down her neck to her shoulders . . . I arrived at the boundaries of her bosom. Her breasts were so large, so perfectly formed under her sweater that my stomach was standing on a stepladder when I touched them for the first time. Her eyes never left me and I could see in her eyes the act of my touching her breasts. It was like brief blue lightning. I was almost hesitant in a librarian sort of way. "I promise," she said, reaching up and awkwardly pressing my hands harder against her breasts. She of course had no idea what that did to me. The stepladder started swirling. She kissed me again, but this time with her tongue. Her tongue slid past my tongue like hot glass.'

Well, there he was, decision taken for him: he was starting at the top. 'I started her sweater gently off. It slid up her stomach and went on over her breasts, getting briefly caught on one of them, so I had to reach down and help it over the breast . . . It was really fantastic the way she looked. I could have been hung up for a long time there, but I kept moving on, had to. It was my mission in life to take her bra off . . .

'She did not need a bra at all. Her breasts stayed right up there after the bra left them . . . Her nipples were small and delicately coloured in relationship to the full expansion of her breasts. Her nipples were very gentle . . . I had finished with the top of her and now it was time to start on the bottom. There certainly are a lot of parts to girls . . . I took her panties off and the deed was done. Vida was without clothes, naked, there.'

And to think – it could have been just as enjoyable starting at the bottom! Next time, doubtless, he did.

FILMS

David Quinlan

The two aspects of Federico Fellini – the brilliant and the boring – are reflected again in the two-hour fantasy-documentary, **Roma** (X). Most of the film, fortunately, is brilliant.

One remembers with affection a parade of clerical fashions (including an illuminated bishop) that would do credit to Monty Python; a sort of Italian Sunday Night at the Palais, during which a dead cat is hurled on stage (and hurled back by the performer); a pride of priests hurrying up chapel steps; a nightmare journey into modern Rome, full of bizarre vehicles and grotesque accidents; trams 'arking' their way through the city at night; and a trip through a subway where the workers discover a necropolis and a Roman home disintegrates before their eyes.

On the other side of the coin, visits to cafes, brothels and festivals are less successful. And deviationists should be warned that the three-breasted girl used to advertise the film on posters doesn't actually appear on celluloid. But, at his best, Fellini paints like an industrial Constable, with the fog of the city his sky, and the rain-swept streets his stream.

Too much police work, too many dead bodies, too many young girls raped, have reaped a terrible toll on the mind of a detective-sergeant called Johnnie (Sean Connery) in **Something Like The Truth** (X). When a child-rape suspect baits him with his own shortcomings, Johnnie kills him.

The film is taken from a John Hopkins' play, but the move to the screen is none too successful. There's very great power in patches from the performances of Connery, and Ian Bannen as the suspect.

The plot itself doesn't exactly hold water. I am sure that there would have been blood under the girl's fingernails to compare with the scratches on the suspect's face. But then we wouldn't have had a film.

'Laws change, people don't. You'll never get rid of evil,' says one of the characters in **Precinct 45: Los Angeles Police** (X), another pretty gloomy look at the police – this time at the role they play in violence-ridden America today. Despite the customary excellence of George C. Scott, though, it never really catches fire, nor makes us care about the characters which, Scott's apart, are indifferently acted. Talented people such as Stacy Keach, Jane Alexander and Scott Wilson are below their best, and one can only blame director Richard Fleischer for not exercising tighter control. But he does raise the excitement in the chases.

Jeremiah Johnson (A) is a sort of gentler *Man Called Horse* (although that doesn't prevent it showing the odd scalping or two), with Robert Redford as a young man 'gone mountain' in the wilds of northern America, trying to make a peaceful life among Indians and other mountain men.

It's directed by Sydney Pollack who, after *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* seems, like Johnson, to be searching for cleanliness and fresh air. Good incidental music – although one could do without the songs of Rod McKuen – and a strong performance by Redford help to overcome the occasional slowness, and make this pleasing entertainment.

By the time this review appears, **Danish Dentist On The Job** (X) will be making its appearance in London suburbs and provincial cities, and will undoubtedly attract all sorts of cinemagoers. It comes from the team responsible for *Bedroom Mazurka*, which managed the rare combination of being funny and erotic at the same time. Sadly, the new film is neither, principally because it is much broader (the cinema's increasing liberality robs us of so many subtleties). It ends up as a sort of Carry On Fucking – and incidentally, *that* seven-letter word, heard loud and clear many times in this one, is translated in the sub-titles as 'frigging!' Obviously something that can be heard but not seen! Ole Soltoft, Berthe Tove and Annie Birgit Garde reappear from the earlier film, but, without the beautiful pacing which so distinguished *Mazurka*, much of the erotic effects go for nothing.

However, if the sight of 50 couples having it off at the same time in the windows of a skyscraper turns you on, this may well be your scene.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

I first heard Santana in the film 'Woodstock', delivering 'Soul Sacrifice'. I was very impressed and bought their first album. **Caravanserai** (CBS 65299) is their fourth album and they have progressed steadily. There are still the intricate patterns from drums and percussion with Gregg Rolie's organ sounds weaving melodic transitions. Carlos Santana's guitar solos are pure aesthetic energy, bare, vivid and precise. The first track 'Eternal caravan of reincarnation' creates an atmosphere of mystery, and from here on the music flows steadily from one piece to another until 'Every step of the Way' which has an orchestral backing. The musicians are better than ever before, their playing has become more subtle. Mike Carabello and Dave Brown are no longer with the band.

Ten Years After are one of the most polished and experienced rock bands. **Rock and Roll Music to the World** (Chrysalis CHR 1009) is a collection of nine solid, pounding, good rock and roll numbers. The musicians perform as a cohesive unit and their playing has strength and control. I always find Alvin Lee's guitar playing rather ostentatious, but he has great technical ability. The material for this album was originally recorded using the Rolling Stones' mobile studio. Seven tracks were re-recorded and two left in their original form.

Stomu Yamash'ta is an incredible Japanese percussion player, his musical language has tremendous range, it can be powerful and exciting or delicate and spatial. Two albums are now available. On **Red Buddah** (Barclay 920376) he plays two of his own compositions 'Red Buddah' and 'As expanding as'. Both pieces show his skill, intelligence and imagination. He is the only percussion player who can handle six drum sticks simultaneously. **Floating Music** (Island HELP 12) combines Yamash'ta and a group called 'Come to the Edge'. The complex experiments on this recording may be an indication of the direction progressive music will take. Side two of this album was recorded live at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. These records are an exhilarating experience. Early recordings of the Incredible String Band had a loose, free feeling, which added vitality and colour to their music. They played a variety of different instruments to add unusual sounds to their songs. **Earthspan** (Island ILPS 9211) is their latest album and the sound is more polished, the rough edges of their early music have gone. They now use more conventional instruments, but they achieve greater technical proficiency. The source of inspiration for their music varies considerably, but the band inject their own colourful and attractive personality into each number. The lyrics contain poetic surrealism, which takes on deeper meaning upon careful listening. The band have a strong musical identity but their sounds are constantly changing – there are one or two musical surprises on this album. Robin Williamson has recently had a book of poems published 'Home thoughts from abroad', available by post for £2 from Deepdown Books, 500 Chesham House, 150 Regent Street, London W1.

Budgie are a three man heavy rock band from Wales, they have been strongly influenced by Led Zeppelin. **Squawk** (MCA MKPS 2023) is their second album and shows that they have potential. There are occasional flashes of brilliance amid the turgid, groaning rock numbers. Budgie are very popular on the club circuit, and in this area they are undoubtedly better than many similar bands. But on record they are not yet as good as some top groups with whom they will inevitably be compared.

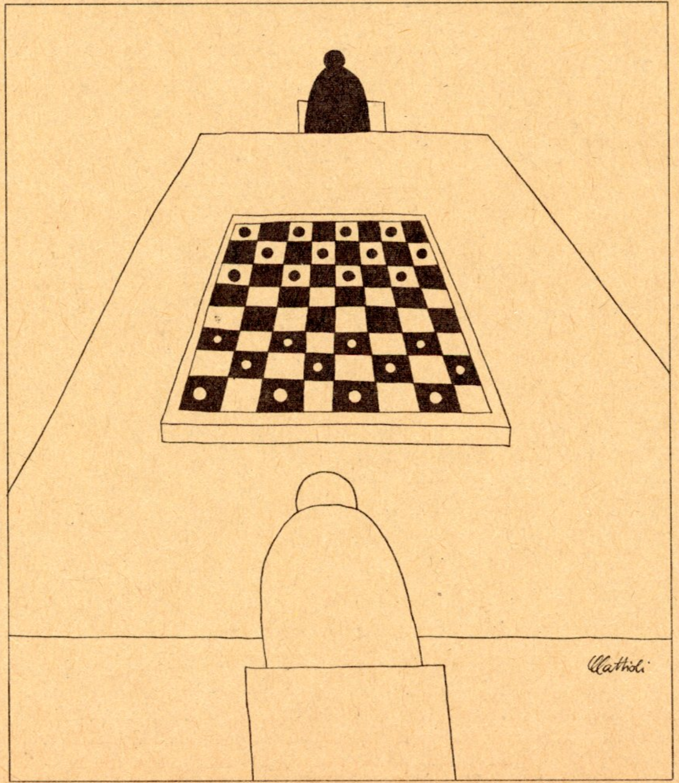
Pete Townshend, the extremely agile guitarist with the Who, has recorded his own album **Who came first** (Track 2408 201) which is dedicated to Meher Baba, the religious guru who increased Pete's awareness. He has done everything himself on this album, written and sung the songs, and played all the instruments and handled mixing and engineering. There are two brief appearances by Ronnie Lane and Caleb Quaye. The album is meant to reflect the changes in Pete's outlook and it has given him a chance to perform the sort of material that doesn't fit in with the Who's image. 'Forever's no time at all' is a really good song and the instrumental interplay fits exactly. The Jim Reeves' number 'There's a heartache following me' seems a little out of place, but it was one of Baba's favourite songs.

Manfred Mann's Earthband are a powerful, tightly knit group. Their latest album **Glorified Magnified** (Philips 6308 125) has some basic funky material, but handled with Manfred's taste, imagination and expertise. He has managed to retain the early R & B feel and also to take advantage of synthesizer and modern recording techniques. 'Meat', one of the pieces Manfred wrote himself, is the best track. Manfred Mann's Chapter III was a progressive jazz-rock band that never became popular with a wide audience, I hope Earthband achieve the success they deserve.

If you've heard Carole King's earlier albums then you'll know what to expect from **Rhymes and Reasons** (Ode 77016). The songs have the same clear, relaxed style. Carole is a talented singer/songwriter and the record is of a high musical standard. The mood of the album is wistful and sad. The music exudes taste and implies a good deal of concentration. The songs are calm and easy to listen to and although it hasn't got the freshness and vitality of her earlier albums, it still has the musical excellence which gives her work distinction.

Slade have had great commercial success with their singles 'Mama weer all crazee now' and 'Gudby t' Jane'. Both of these numbers are on the album **Slayed** (Polydor Super 2383 163), the band have their own style of bombastic stomping rock. They are aware of their limitations and don't attempt anything but catchy rock numbers. Because of this the whole LP sounds much the same. Noddy Holder's vocals are forceful and he breathes life into numbers which are musically very dull. Their version of 'Move over' is surprisingly effective. Slade's brash showmanship makes them very popular with younger audiences and they have caught the mood of today's pop.

Ewan McColl sings a selection of traditional English and Scottish erotic folksongs on **The Wanton Muse** (Argo ZFB67). The songs are full of sexual imagery, and contain analogies which can be merry and entertaining. 'Nell took the handle and turned on the steam and they started working the thrashing machine.' Some of these bawdy ballads have been sung throughout the country for centuries, and as Ewan McColl himself says 'they are more concerned with the act of love than with an abstract idealisation of it.' Peggy Seeger provides instrumental accompaniment to some of the songs.



NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Just back from a flying visit to Egypt, this is an excellent opportunity for me to bring you up to date with the entertainment scene in this spectacular and exciting country.

First, some good news. They are still serving Stella Beer – the drink that helped the Eighth Army turn the tables at El Alamein and fight their way across thousands of miles of blistering North African desert. To do that, it had to be good beer. It's still just as potent as ever!

The film 'Ice Cold in Alex' made more than a passing reference to Stella Beer. In drinking history it must rank alongside 'the beer that made Milwaukee famous' – a brew supplied to the teams of firemen who fought Chicago's great fire.

And now the bad news. Egyptian women generally are not adventurous, and the legend of the bronzed hand coming out from behind the nightclub curtains and beckoning you into the depths of a settee laden with cushions is now no more than a memory. Also the legendary donkey has been retired after thirty years of solid service, and you don't even get pestered nowadays by little boys offering the services of their sixteen-year-old sisters 'all pink inside, just like Queen Victoria'.

Of course, there are still the belly dancers. Every good restaurant has one, and some have six. Cairo is possibly not as lavishly equipped as in the old days when King Farouk commanded ranks of belly-dancers to appear before him, and Tahia Carioca showed her superiority over the others by dancing her complete routine balancing a 10 piastre coin on each nipple.

The naughty spots are still there. **The Sahara City** in the shadow of the pyramids, filling two enormous tents under the stars with dancing girls and cabaret shows. **The Auberge Des Pyramids,** which was one of Farouk's favourite hideaways is the only nightclub in the world with stained-glass windows, brass lamps and incense burners giving the impression of a long low church!

Boats seem to play a major part in the entertainment world in Egypt. There is still an almost reverential attitude towards the great River Nile. Even the **Hilton Hotel** has its own fleet of ultra-modern cruiseboats, 270 feet long, which ply the Nile between Louxor and Assouan on four-day junkets, with 56 single and double cabins providing the most romantic setting for a lovers' weekend. There are filtered swimming-pools on board, sundecks, observation lounges, bars and daily trips from the boat to visit the magnificent temple ruins and vast tombs of the kings.

Back in Cairo, the **Omar Khayam River Boat** is moored on the Nile and provides bar and nightclub facilities with a nightly belly-dancer show.

Definitely one of the nicer restaurants. Make sure you are taken to the right place, however – our taxi driver took us to the inland **Omar Khayam** night club instead of the boat. For fifteen minutes we waited for our host while the headwaiter suavely assured us that he had a booking for us!

Strangely, the modern international hotel groups have taken a firm hold on the entertainment scene in this ancient city. Both the **Hilton** and **Sheraton** hotels have enormous rooftop nightclubs from which you can see the Nile and the pyramids at the same time. The Sheraton night club is possibly the more smooth and exciting of the two, but the Hilton has the better location. Also, the Hilton house magazine contains a free ticket for admission and refreshment in the Casino Room. Annoyingly I only discovered this too late—on the flight home. It was the only event to mar an otherwise enjoyably spectacular flying visit to Egypt.

DRINKS

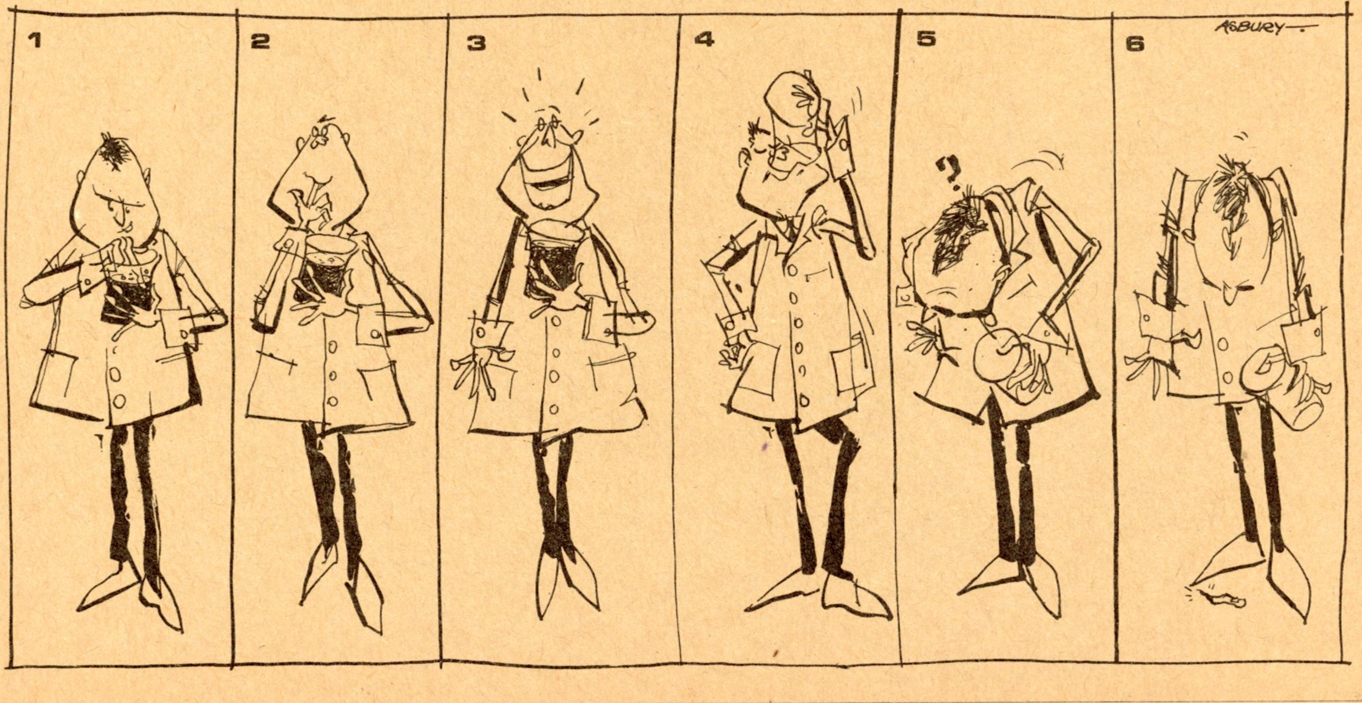
Charles Fforde

If you have ever reached alcoholic abandonment in Spain, then you very likely are familiar with Fundador, the Spanish brandy. Now Pedro Domecq has launched Fundador in this country.

Although Domecq are the world's largest sherry producers, they actually produce 25 per cent more brandy than sherry. Appropriately, therefore, Fundador is a brandy that has a slight 'sherryness' to it.

Fundador is fairly versatile. It may sound a stretch of the imagination to claim that such a drink can be mixed amicably with bitter lemon, cola, dry ginger, lemonade, sparkling orange and so on, or neat if you like to go under quicker than the rest, but it does.

Fundador is being launched in a big way, with a barrage of advertising aimed more at the consumer than the retailer. The theme of the campaign is that Fundador is a fun drink: 'Call it fun for short but drink it long.' My message is try it and see. But good luck, because it's one of those drinks that goes down like ice-cold shandy on a scorching hot day and then creeps up and bashes you over the head with a sledgehammer when you're just sipping the tenth large one.



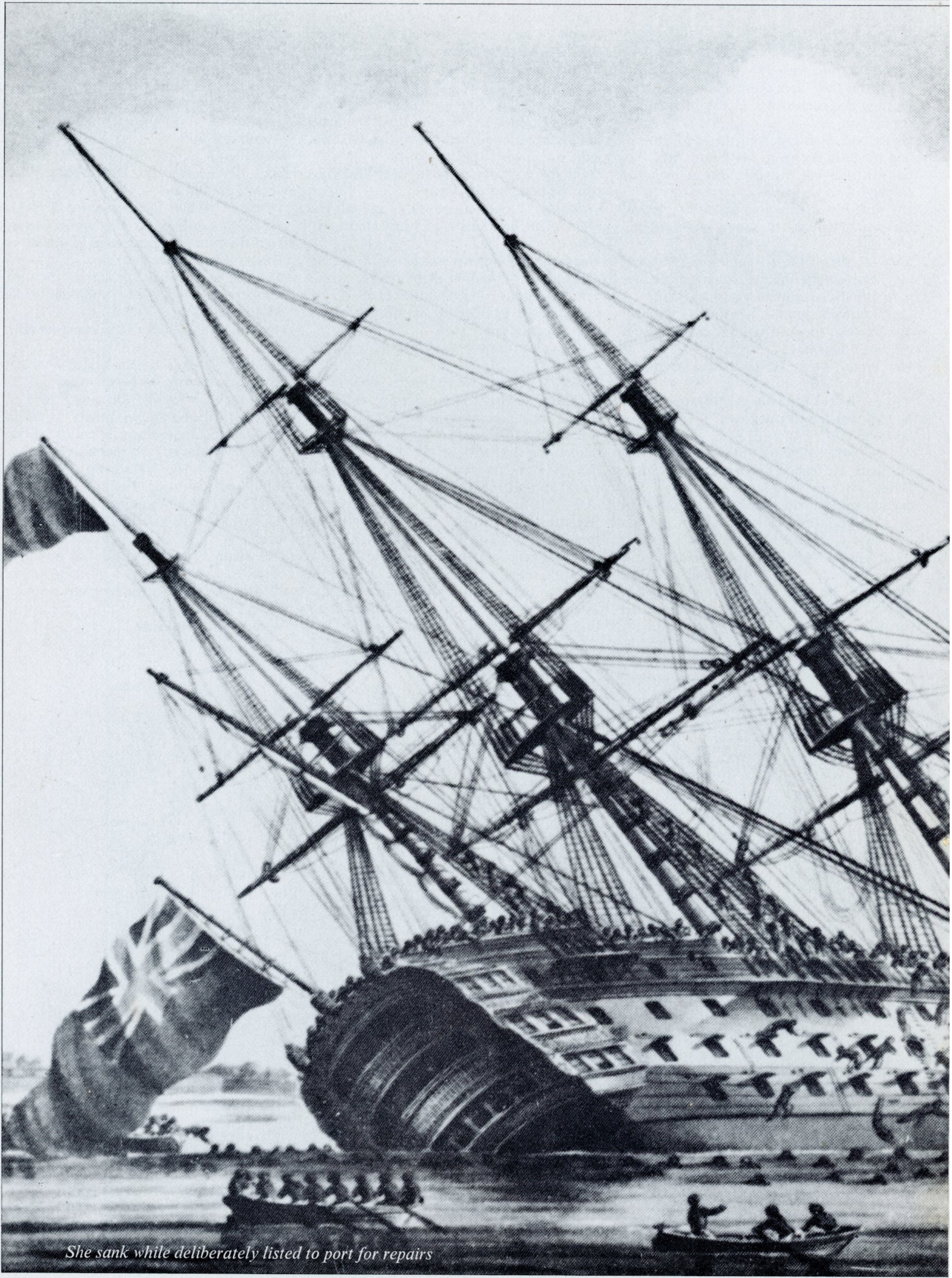
ZÖE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

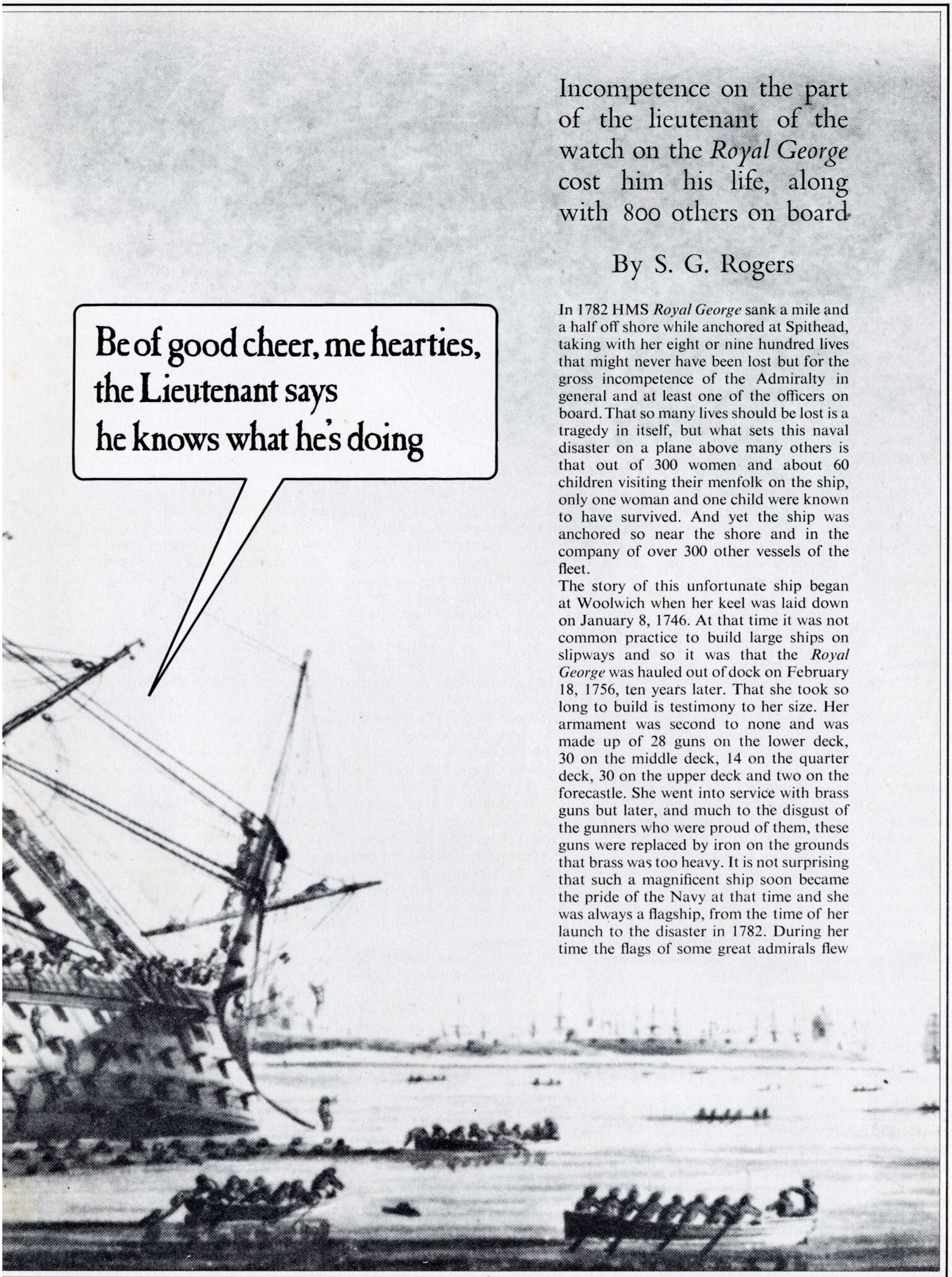
Generally speaking, girls come in two types and sizes. There are the tall, cool and sophisticated ones and the small, cute and bouncy ones, and if your favourite is the cute and bouncy type you'll love Zoe. She's just 5 feet 2 inches tall and so full of bounce that she used to make her living as a professional dancer until she turned to modelling. 'That doesn't mean I'm taking my clothes off all the time,' says Zoe, 'usually I'm doing fashion or advertising work and it takes a lot of

persuasion to get my clothes off like this, so you're very lucky really.' Yes, very lucky, to have the 35-24-35 inch charms of Zoe colouring our pages. She has always been a London girl has Zoe. She was born in Hillingdon, near London airport, and later moved with her parents to Highgate in North London. Now Zoe is just 21 and has decided it's high time she struck out on her own. 'I've got a great flat on North End Way in Hampstead and should be set up there by the time my pictures appear in Mayfair'. In case you're wondering why Zoe is just Zoe and

nothing else, she has her reasons: 'I've always been known to my friends as just Zoe. It seems sufficient, don't you think so?' The only trouble with Zoe is that she's difficult to catch. She has one night off a week, on Sunday. 'I work as a cigarette girl at the Latin Quarter in London six evenings a week, you see, so I don't get the time to go out much.' Why, we ask, for love or money? 'Both,' says Zoe, 'the money is always useful and I like the job because I meet people.' You might have trouble catching her on Sundays too because when she's not walking her two poodles she's dining out with friends. 'I like being fed and I'm really into country restaurants. The food is usually good,' she says, 'and they are nice places to visit anyway.' Sexually, Zoe is a well thought out girl: 'I'm all in favour of sex before marriage because although I don't think sex is the be all and end all in a relationship you must find out if you're compatible.' Does she believe in the Pill? 'No,' she says, 'I've known girls become promiscuous through it and that's definitely not me.'



She sank while deliberately listed to port for repairs


Be of good cheer, me hearties, the Lieutenant says he knows what he's doing

Incompetence on the part of the lieutenant of the watch on the *Royal George* cost him his life, along with 800 others on board

By S. G. Rogers

In 1782 HMS *Royal George* sank a mile and a half off shore while anchored at Spithead, taking with her eight or nine hundred lives that might never have been lost but for the gross incompetence of the Admiralty in general and at least one of the officers on board. That so many lives should be lost is a tragedy in itself, but what sets this naval disaster on a plane above many others is that out of 300 women and about 60 children visiting their menfolk on the ship, only one woman and one child were known to have survived. And yet the ship was anchored so near the shore and in the company of over 300 other vessels of the fleet.

The story of this unfortunate ship began at Woolwich when her keel was laid down on January 8, 1746. At that time it was not common practice to build large ships on slipways and so it was that the *Royal George* was hauled out of dock on February 18, 1756, ten years later. That she took so long to build is testimony to her size. Her armament was second to none and was made up of 28 guns on the lower deck, 30 on the middle deck, 14 on the quarter deck, 30 on the upper deck and two on the forecastle. She went into service with brass guns but later, and much to the disgust of the gunners who were proud of them, these guns were replaced by iron on the grounds that brass was too heavy. It is not surprising that such a magnificent ship soon became the pride of the Navy at that time and she was always a flagship, from the time of her launch to the disaster in 1782. During her time the flags of some great admirals flew at her masthead, including Lord Anson, Admiral Boscawen and Lord Rodney. Lord Hawke flew his flag on the mast of the *Royal George* while in command of the squadron that fought the French when the *Superb*, of 70 guns, was sunk by her cannon and the *Soleil Royal*, of 84 guns, was driven ashore and burnt.

A first rate ship like the *Royal George* carried a full complement of about 800 men (HMS *Victory*, of Trafalgar fame, had a full complement of 842 men), and in those days, the seaman's life was not pleasant.

The seaman lived on the gundeck where he fought in battle, sleeping in hammocks slung from the deck beams 20 inches apart, but with the crew being divided into day and night watches, each man had 40 inches to himself. He ate with his messmates at a narrow table hooked up between the guns, but what he ate could hardly be called food. He had beef or pork four days a week but the meat was salted and often so hard that it was inedible, even after hours of boiling. Instead of bread he had ship's biscuit, and instead of water, which did not keep well at sea, he had a gallon of beer a day. The beer ration was replaced by wine in the Mediterranean and by rum, mixed with water as a grog, in the West Indies. The following description of a typical diet, given by an 11-year-old midshipman who died in the Battle of Trafalgar, is not exaggerated: 'We live on beef which has been 10 or 11 years in the cask and on biscuit which makes your throat cold in eating it owing to the maggots, which are very cold when you eat them! like calf's foot jelly. We drink wine which is exactly like bullock's blood and sawdust mixed together.'

As if these conditions were not enough, ship life also bred disease. The worst killers being yellow fever, spread in tropical climates by mosquitoes, and typhus, carried by body lice. Scurvy was also common, owing to the lack of fresh fruit and vegetables. So unhealthy and miserable was the seaman's life that during the French wars, 13 times as many men were killed by disease or accident than were killed in battle. And battle itself was a frightening experience. Ships carried neither antiseptics nor anaesthetics, and a man with a crushed leg was given a mouthful of rum, a gag was forced in his mouth and he was held down while the surgeon hacked off the leg with a saw. The stump was plunged into burning pitch to cauterize it. Under these conditions a man looked forward to a spell at his home port, and it is not surprising that with *Royal George* just having returned from a cruise, wives and children came aboard and the whole crew were intent on enjoying the short period of inactivity to the fullest. This was the situation at the time of the disaster. The ship had returned to join Lord Howe's fleet at Spithead, where she anchored in the company of 30 to 40 Sail of the Line, many frigates and two or three hundred merchant vessels, all riding with the flood tide, their heads towards Cowes.

At this time Great Britain was having to contend with her rebellious colonies as well as the united powers of France, Spain and Holland, and it was necessary to keep as many ships of war as possible constantly at sea. Consequently, some of these vessels were badly in need of repair, and the *Royal George* was no exception. Many reports regarding the state of the ship were sent to Admiralty Office.

Kempenfelt went down with his flag ship

On February 15, 1781, a list of ships in doubtful condition was sent to Sir George Savile, Bart, MP, in which the *Royal George* was said to be in very bad condition. A further report, made from HMS *Britannia*, said that three ships, *Royal George, Foudroyant* and *Emerald* were taking much water, especially the *Royal George*. Following this, on November 7, 1781, the Admiralty published a list of ships that must be docked. These were the *Royal George, Foudroyant* and *Dublin*, and perhaps the *Edgar*. No dry dock was forthcoming, but during her final cruise the *Royal George* took more water than usual, and as it did not decrease after she had anchored at Spithead, an order was issued on Saturday, August 14, 1782, for her to be taken into dock. After a survey by dockyard carpenters and officials the leak was discovered and stopped, and docking was then dispensed with.

Then, on August 28, the day before the ship sank, the ship's carpenter discovered, while washing the decks, that the starboard inlet pipe and cock which allowed water in through the hull for this purpose were in need of repair. In fact they needed a complete renewal, and as the offending object was situated about three feet under water, to do the job it was necessary that the ship be listed to port to bring the cock above water (a practice that is still carried out today on large oil tankers).

It was decided that the job be done on the following day and at eight o'clock that morning the port guns were run out to their limits while the starboard guns were brought to midships and secured with ropes and tackle. This succeeded in raising the offending cock above the water, but also put the lower gun ports on the port side almost level with the water. Now the *George* was always known to be a top heavy ship. She carried the tallest masts and her canvas was the squarest of any English built ship in the Navy. Her mainmast was 114 feet 3 inches in height and her draught of water forward was 22 feet 3 inches, and 23 feet 5 inches aft. Even so, the tragedy might never have happened had a little more common sense and a little less brute force and ignorance been applied while the repair work was in progress. In the days before the ship sank she had been taking on provisions and the last lighter, a 50-ton vessel named *The Lark*, came to the port side to load a shipment of rum at about nine o'clock when repairs were still being carried out and the ship was still listing heavily to port. The extra weight of rum and that of the men who were detailed to take it on board proved disastrous. The ship listed further than had been anticipated and every ripple poured water into her midship gun ports. This water, having no escape flowed into the holds.

At least one of the ship's company, the carpenter who had asked for the cock to be repaired in the first place, noticed the danger, but his warnings were in vain. Twice he went on deck and requested the lieutenant to Right Ship. The first time he was just brushed off, but the second time, in front of many witnesses, he was dismissed with an oath and told: 'If you think you can run the ship better than me you'd better take command.' The name of this particular lieutenant was Morris Hollingbury and he was disliked by all the members of the crew. He was a good sized man, aged between 30 and 40, and the men called him 'Jib and Foresail Jack' because if he was on night watch he was perpetually altering sail. It was 'up jib', 'down jib', or 'up foresail', 'down foresail' every few minutes. The men regarded him as a troublesome officer and not a good one. Such was the character of the man in charge on that fatal morning.

The workmen had almost finished repairing the cock when a sudden wind blew on the ship's starboard side, forcing her still further to port so that water poured in through her gun ports. Had the lieutenant at this point given the order for every man available to run to the starboard side, the ship could very likely have been saved. Instead he chose to follow standard procedure and ordered the drummer to beat Right Ship. Instantly the men ran to their guns to carry out this order, but it was too late. Guns, shot and everything movable was now sliding to the port side and in a matter of seconds her tall masts lay flat on the water. So it was that at twenty minutes past nine on that morning of August 29 the *Royal George* sank to the bottom, so rapidly that the officers in their confusion could make no signal of distress. *The Lark*, tied alongside, could give no assistance. She became entangled in the main yards and went down with her, several of her men perishing with those of the *Royal George*. Several marine officers including Major Graham, three lieutenants and several ladies in the company of Mr. John Greentree, the Master Plumber of the Dockyard, who boarded the ship about half an hour before the disaster, also drowned.

On the night of Thursday, August 30 an express letter was received at Admiralty Office reporting the loss of *Royal George* of 100 guns with the greatest part of her crew, the Captain and two lieutenants are saved, it said, but we regret to report that Rear Admiral Kempenfelt was among the number of those that perished.

Among the officers saved was Admiral Sir Charles Philip Henderson Durham who eventually became Commander in Chief of Portsmouth. He was a young acting lieutenant at the time, aide-de-camp to the unfortunate Admiral Kempenfelt, and was returning from shore when the accident happened. He was about a boat's length from the ship when she went down and was drawn down by the vortex. On surfacing he was seized by a drowning marine but escaped by tearing off his waistcoat that the man was clutching. He swam to a boat from HMS *Victory* and a fortnight later, when the body of the marine was washed ashore with the waistcoat firmly twisted round his arm, a pencil case bearing the initials of Lieutenant Durham was found in the pocket and restored to its owner.

Captain Crisp, a midshipman on the quarter deck when the *Royal George* went down was nine years old at the time and escaped by swimming. He became an adopted son of the British Navy and, 28 years later, was promoted to Post-Captain. When speaking to Colonel Pasley, who was keen to lift the *Royal George*, he said with earnest: 'I hope you do, and fish up my chest. There's 22 guineas and two half-guineas in it.'

Another life that could have been saved was that of Midshipman Webb. He was taking a party ashore just before disaster struck and the boat had only pulled a few strokes from the ship when the midshipman requested to return because he had forgotten his dirk. The boat returned, left Mr Webb and pulled away, and the midshipman gave his life for his beloved dirk.

The only child known to have survived was miraculously saved by hanging on to the fleece of a swimming sheep until he was picked up by a man in a wherry. The little fellow, orphaned by the disaster and knowing only that his name was Jack, was adopted and brought up by the man who picked him up. The impact on relatives living in the area was perhaps best captured in a letter written by surgeon John Ker who witnessed the sinking while serving with HMS *Queen*. His letter, written to a friend, can be seen in the national library of Scotland:

'We sent out boats and took up ten men, one woman and a boy. Five of the men, the woman and the boy could not be brought to life.

'A sight more shocking than this my dear Will can hardly be conceived. I ran to the entry port on hearing the alarm just as the *George* was going down. Hundreds of poor souls were standing on her side when she sank from below and left them struggling with the merciless elements, it blew fresh with a rapid tide which prevented the ships to leeward from getting their boats in time to assist them. For some days the three towns of Portsmouth were in a commotion, almost everyone had lost a relation or an acquaintance, every hour corpses were coming ashore on the beach, every hour the bell was tolling and the long procession winding along the narrow streets, every tide brought dead bodies past the ships at Spithead, and it was many days before they could all be interred. Above all everybody laments the old Admiral, one of the best and bravest in the service.'

About ten days after the tragedy 35 of the bodies that floated to the surface were buried in one grave at Kingston, where stands a monument with the inscription:

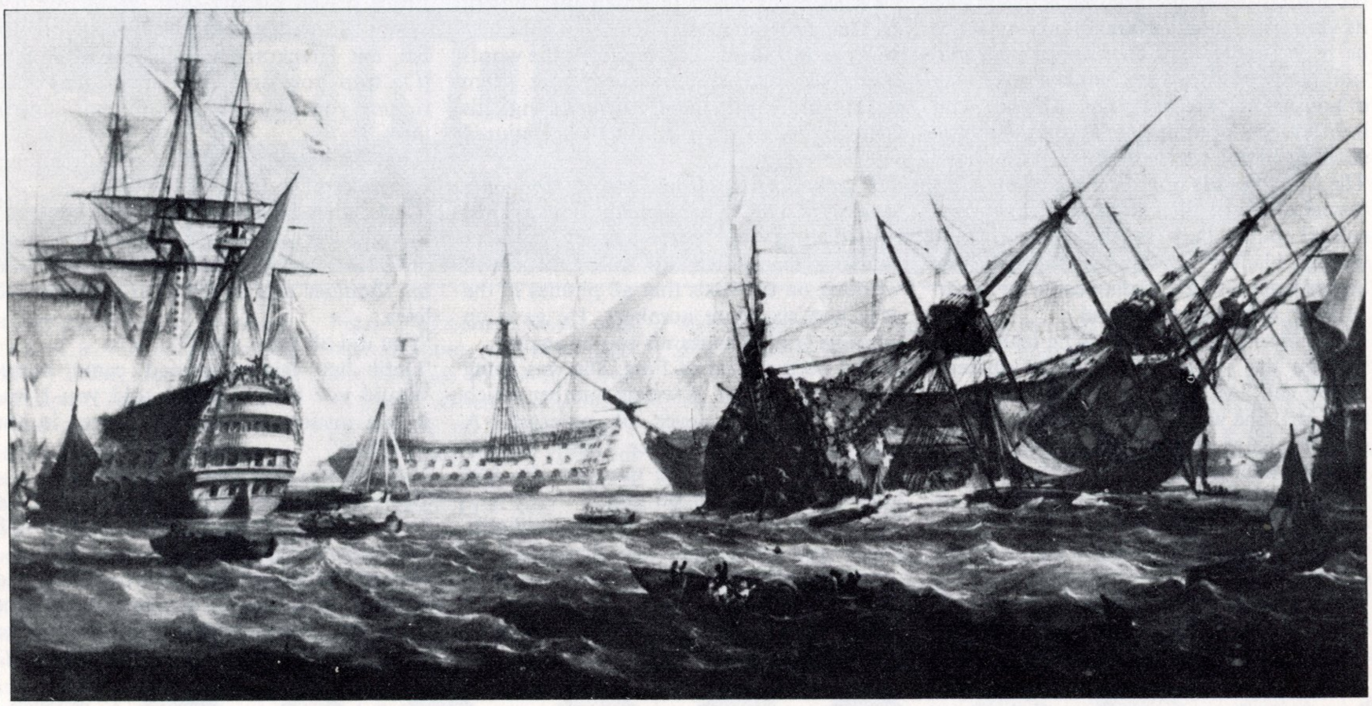
Reader with solemn thought,
Survey this grave and reflect on the untimely death of thy fellow mortals;
and whilst, as a man, a Briton, and a patriot, thou read'st the melancholy narrative,
drop a tear, for thy countries loss.

Morris Hollingbury, the arrogant lieutenant of the watch who refused to take heed of the carpenter's warnings, was criticised by some survivors, but he himself did not survive to answer in his defence. The actual verdict of the court-martial was considered too incriminating to be disclosed, although Captain Waghorne was honourably acquitted, and the minutes of the enquiry and other documents were deliberately suppressed by the government.

Attempts to raise the *Royal George* were made by William Tracy in 1784 but they failed.

In 1836 a Mr John Dean, using a newly invented diving apparatus, recovered at his own expense a number of guns and other relics, but it was not until 1839 that any systematic attempt was made to destroy the wreck. These operations were directed by Colonel Pasley and extended over several months.

One of the guns recovered, a 32-pounder, stands to this day at the entrance to Pembroke Gardens, Portsmouth. The wooden cock that brought about the disaster was raised by divers and is still in the Dockyard museum, and except for a shoal of mud covering the last vestiges of the ship, nothing now remains to mark the spot where the *Royal George* sank.



Over 800 men, women and children were lost with the Royal George although she was anchored off shore with 300 ships of the fleet

Morgan's sex-life was at an all-time low — until the phone rang. Like a randy docker with a mouthful of honey she poured obscenities into his ear

Hello, big boy, this is a Dirty

Fiction by David Jones

Morgan was eating the last of yesterday's crisps and cold spaghetti in front of the television when it happened. He let the phone ring for a moment because Callan was about to put the boot in. But the commercials came on, with their usual fine sense of timing, as the Soviet spy cringed beneath Callan's raised heel. So Morgan answered the phone.

He and Bruce had had dozens of phone calls since adopting the flat from a rich drop-out Bruce had conned into going abroad for his health a few weeks before. All the calls had been for Bruce. All from girls. Bruce, however, was not selfish – he introduced Morgan to the ones he said he could not handle. They usually had no shelf kit and a lot of bum.

'Hello?' Pieces of crisps and masticated spaghetti spluttered into the mouthpiece. A sweet voice purred through from the other end. And she did not want Bruce. She did not even ask for him. She did not ask for Morgan either. She did not ask for anyone. She just started talking.

In fairness to Morgan, it should be said at this point that he is broadminded. In fact, the more directly involved he is in sex and its various offshoots the more broadminded he becomes. He had a girl once who said 'shit' at the start of every sentence, as a way of announcing she was going to speak. And he thought nothing of it. But he was shocked by the words he was hearing now. The soft voice did not make the words seem unreal or lessen their impact. Morgan was rooted to the floor by the kitchen door, staring blankly at the wallpaper a few inches from his face. Callan came on again. Morgan remained transfixed.

It was several seconds before he realised he was on the receiving end of an obscene phone call. An obscene phone call made by a girl. She would blow anyone's mind if she was half as good as she sounded.

Morgan snapped out of the state of shock which had seized him from his toes to his dandruff, when the slow voice said: 'How would you like me to lick the whole length of your . . .'

'What's your name? Where do you live?' he butted in.

She stopped in mid-obscenity. 'Who's that?' she asked. 'Morgan,' said Morgan. 'I like you. Who are you?'

'Morgan? Oh dear, I must have dialled a wrong number.'

'No, no, it's the right number,' he said earnestly. He wasn't going to let her get away as easily as that.

She paused and he heard her breathing deeply and he imagined her moist lips parted slightly to reveal the tip of a spongey pink tongue.

'You filthy pig,' she said.

'Pardon?' said Morgan.

'You dirty, nasty-minded little pig. How dare you answer the phone when I've dialled a wrong number.'

'I keep telling you – it's the right number.'

'I've a good mind to report you to the police. Lecher!' She hung up.

Morgan stared at the wall and listened to the phone buzzing in his ear. He replaced the receiver thoughtfully, then pinched the end of his nose to make sure he was not dreaming. He wasn't. He stumbled across to the television and turned it off. Callan no longer interested him. Television producers do not consider obscene phone calls as rivals when planning the content of their programmes.

Morgan let his mind wander over the words the voice had spoken, savouring them again and again and surrendering his imagination to the pictures they conjured up before him.

The only sorrow he felt was in the hopelessness of it all. What were the odds against her dialling the same wrong number again? He started to calculate them, working on the basis that all phones in the area had six-figure numbers. He gave up when he got to thousands-to-one against.

It had been a twist of Fate. She was being cruel to him again. A wrong number which would probably never be repeated. A once-in-a-lifetime chance had slipped through his fingers the moment she had hung up the receiver on him.

He resolved not to tell Bruce. He would only laugh, and apart from that Bruce had an unusual talent for finding things out. A few days on the scent and he would casually announce that the call came from the phone box on the corner of Kipling Avenue, the girl was called Rita, she had a neat appendix scar and he had just screwed her. No, Bruce must not know.

When Bruce let himself in at 2 am, Morgan was still looking at the dead TV screen. Bruce clipped him across the back of the head with his car keys to signal he was home.

'I couldn't bloody believe it, Bruce. An obscene phone call from a girl who sounded like a well-bred nympho and the things she said made my toes curl up. I'm telling you, I nearly had a bloody orgasm on the spot listening to what she was pouring out. She wanted to . . . How was the film?'

'Didn't see much of it. I saw a lot afterwards, though, when we went back to her place. What's this about an obscene phone call?'

'Obscene phone call?'

'Yes. You said you had one tonight.' Bruce tossed his cord jacket on to a chair and sat down to take off his shoes. 'Well?'

'Well what?' said Morgan.

'This girl who rang up.'

'Want some coffee?'

Bruce peeled off his shirt, ready for bed again. Morgan put the kettle on. 'None for me, but I reckon you need some. Maybe it'll stop you dreaming about sexy girls ringing you up to make improper suggestions.'

'That's it,' said Morgan. 'I was dreaming. Dropped off in front of the telly.'

'Christ, that Beatrice is a bloody vampire. I thought she was going to claw the skin off my back.' Bruce held a hand mirror behind his shoulder and squinted at five thin red lines.

'You did all right, then?'

'Until her thick husband came home. Would *you* believe it if I told you I was selling insurance – at one thirty in the morning?'

Morgan chuckled from the kitchen.

'Still, he was pissed out of his mind. I'd better give her a miss for a few weeks. He'll have second thoughts in the morning.'

Morgan joined Bruce in the bedroom and watched Bruce do Canadian Air Force exercises to stop a beer gut developing and

turn to page 42

ILLUSTRATION BY WURLITZER

Young Lady calling...

Hello, big boy.

continued from page 40

to tone up the muscles in his thighs and back.

'You watch Callan tonight?' Bruce asked, after rocking back and forth on his stomach 35 times.

'Some of it.'

'What did she say?'

'It was bloody incredible. She wanted to beat me, then tickle me, then play with me, then lick me . . .'

'So you did get a phone call?'

Morgan gave in. There was no point in trying to outwit Bruce. He didn't miss a trick and had the patience of a traffic warden waiting for you to feed a parking meter.

'Okay. So I did.'

'What are you being so bloody secretive about?' Bruce was springing in the air, legs apart and knees flexed, like a man stung on the cheek in the lavatory.

'Well . . . it was *my* call for a change.'

'You said . . . *twenty six* . . . it was a . . . *twenty seven* . . . wrong number . . . *twenty eight*.'

'No I didn't.'

'*Thirty* . . . It must have been.'

'I'm still the one who answered it. That makes it *my* call.'

Bruce fell back on the bed and held out his left arm for Morgan to take his pulse. 'Did she tell you her name, or anything?'

'No. I don't even know for sure if she's local. She could have been phoning from Aberystwyth.'

'Where?'

'It's a town in Wales. Well! A hundred and four.'

'A hundred-and-bloody-four! That's the first time it's been over a hundred for months. It's that bloody Beatrice – she's sapping my strength. Do you want her?' Bruce was serious.

'No thanks. If she has that effect on you she'd bloody kill me. There's only one bird I want. And that's the one who rang me up tonight.'

The next day being Saturday, Morgan had his customary lie-in. He was hovering in the no-man's land between deep sleep and drowsiness when Bruce came back from the indoor swimming baths.

'Get up, you lazy bastard.'

Morgan shrank further under the bedclothes. Bruce ripped them off him and stood looking at him, curled up on the mattress as if he was still in his mother's womb.

'Boy, did you miss some crumpet this morning.'

Morgan pulled the blankets back over his chilled body and mumbled a greeting. 'Piss off,' he said.

'Do you know who was there?'

'Joan of Arc.'

'Somebody even hotter than that. Linda. *You* remember her.'

Morgan blinked the sleep out of his eyes and sat up. 'I ought to. I took her out a couple of months ago. She's not hot – she's like a bloody deep-freeze unit.'

'Not anymore!' said Bruce triumphantly.

Morgan followed him into the kitchen.

'Christ, what a screw,' said Bruce.

'Where? In the cubicles?'

'Nope. In the baths.'

'What! You mean in the pool itself?'

'That's right. Ever done it under water?'

'What about the other people there?'

'They made it all the easier. With everyone practically shoulder to shoulder it appeared as if we were treading water in the deep end. Mind you, we started a few small waves going – like when you throw a brick in a pond. But I don't think anyone cottoned on.'

Morgan sat on the kitchen table with a blanket around him and gazed in new admiration at Bruce and felt his stomach tighten with envy. 'In the swimming baths! On a Saturday bloody morning!' He repeated it to himself several times to make sure he fully understood.

Bruce cracked a fourth egg into the frying pan and said there was nothing like a good swim for sharpening the appetite.

'She had a friend, too. Felicity. You missed out there, Morgan, my boy.'

'Any good?' Morgan hoped he would say no.

'A right little cracker. I swear she had half an orange stuffed down the front of her bikini pants.'

'A good looker, then?'

'Bloody gorgeous – until she opened her mouth.'

'Bad teeth?'

'Filthy language. You've no idea the words that girl came out with. And she didn't have a rough voice. That was the funny thing about it. Soft and sexy. Almost husky, you might say. She purred like a perverted kitten.'

Morgan raised his head slowly. He eased himself off the table, without taking his eyes off the back of Bruce's neck, and asked very quietly: 'Say that again.'

'About the voice, you mean? Sexy, soft and sweet. But the language! Just like a docker with a mouth full of honey.'

'It's her,' said Morgan excitedly. 'That's the girl. It must be!'

'What are you talking about?' Bruce elbowed him out of the way to get a plate from the fridge, where he had put it to warm instead of in the oven.

'The one who rang up last night. The obscene phone caller!'

Bruce stopped in his tracks. He thought hard. 'You know, you could be right, my old son,' he said. 'After all, there aren't many girls who look like girls and talk like blokes. There are plenty of blokes who look like girls and talk like girls. And there are plenty of girls who look like blokes and talk like blokes. But there can't, there just *can't*, be many girls who . . .'

'Never mind the philosophy. What do you reckon?'

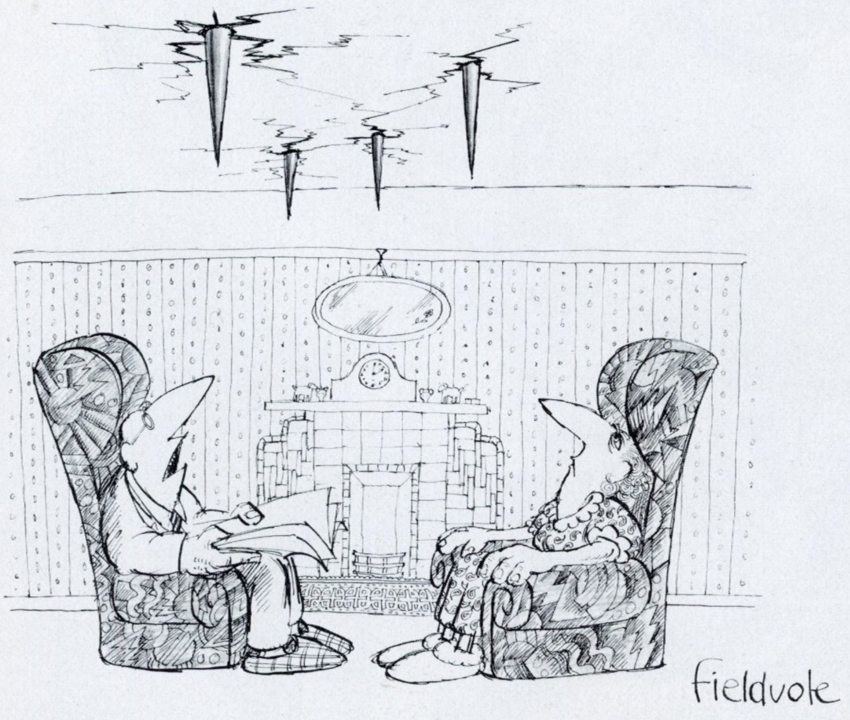
Morgan paced up and down while Bruce rubbed his chin and his eggs turned brown and curled up at the edges.

'Tell you what. I'm seeing Linda tonight. I'll give her a ring, if you like, and ask her to bring Felicity along as well. Then you can find out for yourself. What do you say?'

An hour and a half before Bruce got round to putting on his aftershave, Morgan was ready. He was waiting impatiently by the bedroom door for Bruce to finish splashing deodorant under his arms and inside his jockey briefs.

'You smell like a brothel,' said Morgan.

turn to page 86



'Oh no! Not the Brahms Cello Quartet again!'

Hello. big boy.

continued from page 42

'They love it,' said Bruce. 'Anyway, it's better than letting them catch a whiff of these pants. I haven't changed them for two weeks. When are you going to get the clean laundry from the caretaker? I shouldn't leave it too long – I'm bloody certain he deals in secondhand clothes.'

Eventually Bruce gave himself a final preening with comb and hands, brushed the shoulders of his coat a second time and announced he was all set.

'Hurry up, Morgan. We're late.'

On the landing they passed Margaret, feeding money into the public phone on the wall. She was a grotty little bitch who lived on the floor below them. Margaret never wore tights or a bra and she badly needed both.

'Hello,' she said. She had a nice voice.

'Evening, Margaret,' said Morgan.

Bruce ignored her. He did not believe in wasting his talents on girls who would not appreciate them.

'Are you going out?' she asked.

'No,' said Bruce. 'We're coming back, but we've lost our bloody way.'

Morgan nudged him in the ribs.

'What are you nudging me in the ribs for?' said Bruce.

His flatmate hurried on ahead and out into the street to avoid further embarrassment.

They met Linda and Felicity at Linda's flat and took them to the lounge bar of the Christopher Hotel near the site of the old abbey. The evening did not start well.

Morgan had to visit the Gents after only two pints, Bruce threatened to punch the head of a smooth character at the next table for trying to chat up Linda, and the waiter told them he would not serve them again if Felicity said 'fuck' once more. She told him to fuck off and they went to the Green Tree.

Eight pints and eleven trips to the bog later, Morgan found the courage to put his arm round Felicity. She had put her arm around him more than an hour before.

Linda was sitting on Bruce's lap, letting him twang her bra strap in time to the music from the jukebox. She kept making pointed remarks about white chlorine in the swimming pool. Each time she did, she collapsed with laughter over Bruce's head, burying his face in her deep cleavage and making him fight for air. She was stoned right out of her mind.

Morgan remembered her as a demure, virginal little thing who never uncrossed her legs. He wondered what had happened to her during the past couple of months to change her so completely.

He pushed her out of his mind as best he could and turned his attention to Felicity. She was being applauded enthusiastically by two loud sailors at the bar.

'What's going on?' said Morgan.

Felicity turned her delicate face towards him and said: 'They made some comments about me and Linda so I told them what I pissing thought of them.'

One of the sailors bought a round of drinks and said he hoped there were no hard feelings. He called Felicity '*Bo'sun.*' She smiled back sweetly – then told him to fuck off.

Near closing time, Morgan decided it was now or never. He took a deep breath and said: 'Do you ever make phone calls, Felicity?'

She looked steadily at him with her large blue eyes and he started to wilt. Then, in her low-slung voice, she said: 'Of course I do you darling bastard.'

'What I mean,' he tried again, 'is do you ever ring people up and get . . . well . . . sexy on the phone?'

'Sometimes. Don't you?'

'No, you don't understand,' he persisted, wishing he was renowned for his eloquence. 'Do you ever make what are called . . . Let me put it this way . . .'

'Put it any way you like,' said Felicity, 'as long as you stop farting about.'

'What he's trying to ask you,' said Bruce, pushing Linda's boobs to one side of his face, 'is whether you make obscene phone calls.' Linda shrieked with laughter and collapsed over Bruce's head and his face disappeared from view.

'Obscene phone calls?' said Felicity. She was frowning.

Morgan attempted to explain. 'Yes, you know, ha ha ha. Some blokes get a kick from ringing up women and making suggestive remarks. Sort of verbal rape. Ha ha ha. Only I had this phone call last night from a girl who did the same thing in reverse. I don't know who she was, but you sound just like her. Ha ha . . .'

'Do I?' The sexy veneer had gone. Her voice had taken on a hard quality.

'Well, since you ask me, yes you do,' said Morgan, shredding a beermat with his fingernails. 'But I don't mind. Really I don't. As a matter of fact, I've been hoping it was you so we could . . .'

'Have you! And what kind of girl do you pissing well think I am, you pimply prick?'

'I think you're a very charming girl, Felicity,' said Morgan, trying to look sincere, 'You're intelligent, sweet, kind and attractive.'

'Balls,' she said. 'If you think I'm the kind of person who would make an obscene phone call you can stuff yourself. I've never been so insulted. I had plans for you tonight, too.'

'I had plans for you as well, Felicity.'

'Well, you can forget them, you daft bugger'. She dabbed the corner of an eye with a lace handkerchief.

Morgan argued in the back of Bruce's car all the way to Linda's flat. He argued in the small car park at the rear. He argued on the stairs and he argued outside Linda's door with the 'Ladies' sign pinned to it. But Felicity was hurt. The more he tried to patch things up the more stubborn she became.

Finally she threw at him her supreme accolade of disgust. 'Fuck off,' she said.

Felicity eyed Bruce up and down as Morgan turned dejectedly and walked away. 'Don't forget we're mates,' she said to Linda. 'Share and share alike.' They giggled.

'You coming, Bruce?' asked Morgan from the top of the stairs.

'Later,' said Bruce.

The girls dragged him into the flat and kicked the door shut.

Morgan walked the three miles home in the

turn to page 90

'In my day, artists weren't expected to have integrity.'

Hello, big boy.

continued from page 86

rain and arrived soaked to the skin just after midnight. He dripped up to the second landing. He forced himself not to think about Bruce spending a night in bed with two girls as randy as doe rabbits.

'Hello again.'

He peered into the shadows that shrouded the public phone on the wall. 'Who's that?'

'It's me. Margaret.'

She stepped into the light. She looked even worse in a pink housecoat. Like a half-inflated psychedelic weather balloon.

'What are you doing up this time of night?' said Morgan, not interested.

'I'm making a phone call,' she said. Her voice was nice. It began to soothe him.

'A bit late for that, isn't it?'

'It's long distance. I've been trying to get through for ages.' The soft voice bubbled in the back of her throat like warm champagne. 'The trouble is I can't see very well to dial in the dark. I've asked the caretaker lots of times to put in a new bulb, but nothing's happened. I bet if that brassy Belinda on the top floor asked him he'd put up a searchlight for her in next to no time.'

He fumbled in his pocket for his keys and shivered as the cold from the rain reached his bones.

'Here. I've got one of those miniature torches on my key ring,' he said. He slipped it off and gave it to her. 'It's powered by an everlasting atomic battery, which has gone a bit dicky. If it starts flickering, just give it a squeeze.'

'Thanks. You are kind.'

The sweet voice wafted over him and made him feel drowsy. 'I'm going to bed,' he said. 'Drop it through the letterbox when you've finished. Goodnight.'

'Goodnight. And thanks again.'

Morgan stripped off his wet clothes as quickly as he could and hung them over a radiator to dry. He gave himself a brisk rub down with a towel. The bed was cold and his teeth chattered. He thought about filling the hot water bottle, then remembered it had burst during one of Bruce's all night orgies, which he had heard from the settee in the sitting room.

He was sinking into a welcome sleep, despite his frustration and discomfort, when the phone rang. He pulled the pillow over his head. The phone did not stop. He gave in and went to answer it.

It was her. Morgan could not believe it. The shivering left him and he began to sweat as the voice caressed him with the most appalling obscenities he had ever heard. She was even better than the previous night.

'. . . and then I'll bend you backwards over the edge of the bed, push your legs apart and . . .'

His mind reeled with erotic enthusiasm at the suggestion. This time he was not going to interrupt. He would wait, and at the right moment start chatting her up. He held the phone tightly, his forehead resting against the wallpaper.

Then, after what seemed like only a few seconds to the tortured Morgan, the voice said: 'Hello? Are you there? Hello? Shit on this torch . . . HELLO?'

Now Morgan has frequently been accused by Bruce of being slow on the uptake. This time he wasn't. This time his brain was working at top speed and with maximum efficiency. He mumbled an incoherent reply, placed the receiver gently on the plastic oak table and ran like hell out of the flat and down the stairs in his bare feet. On the next landing Margaret was still shouting 'hello,' in a hoarse whisper with her hand cupped round the mouthpiece.

She looked up suddenly, putting down the phone without thinking about it.

'It was *you* last night,' she said, backing away. Morgan nodded. She retreated further into the corner – into the gloom.

'Oh my God! The same wrong number twice.'

'Right number.' Morgan smiled to reassure her. She drew her voluminous housecoat tighter round her for comfort. 'I feel so . . . so embarrassed,' she said finally. Then she chuckled. 'But not half as embarrassed as you must feel'

'Why?' asked Morgan.

He followed her gaze downwards. He shrieked when he saw it was not only his feet that were bare. Margaret laughed out loud, to release the nervous tension more than anything, as Morgan tried to cover his manhood with his hands.

'My, you are a big boy,' she said, and she laughed again, realising she now had the upper hand.

Morgan stooped forward slightly, pulling himself back into himself.

'No, don't do that,' said Margaret. 'That's something to be really proud of, not ashamed.' Her voice was bubbling again.

'It's all right for you,' snapped Morgan. 'At least you've got all your clothes on.'

'Don't get uptight about it, darling. We can soon even things up. But not here – it's a bit public.'

Morgan was roughly awakened by Bruce shortly after dawn. Bruce invariably woke him, whatever the time, to recount at length and in great detail his evening's entertainment. It seemed Bruce thought if Morgan could not get it first hand, the next best thing was an action replay.

Morgan lay with his hands behind his head and let him finish. 'Bloody fantastic,' said Bruce, after nearly an hour. 'Out of this bloody world. They enjoyed it, too. Revelled in it. They've nicknamed me Jack – short for jack-in-the-box. Christ I'm tired. You missed a good night, you did. What did you want to go and upset Felicity for? I'm bloody exhausted.'

'I did all right, thanks,' said Morgan, smiling to himself.

'You call having a row with a girl "doing all right"?'

'Not her.'

'Who?' Bruce took the bait.

'Margaret.'

'Margaret! That cow?'

'Never mind her looks – she's a real hot arse.'

'You've been dreaming again.'

'And she's a fantastic conversationalist.'

'Conversation! I want more from a girl than conversation.'

Bruce turned on to his side and thumped a hole in his pillow.

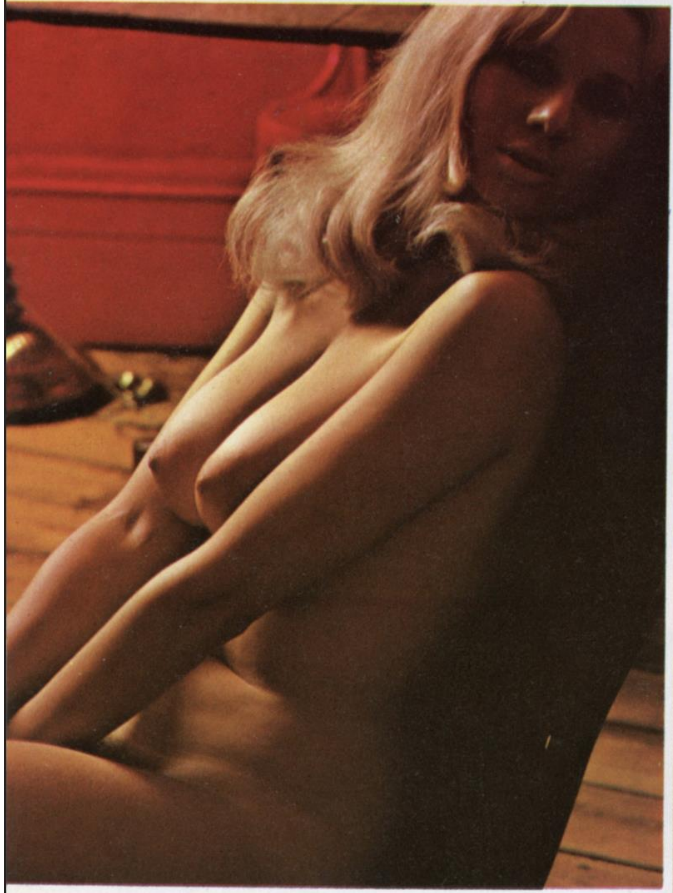
'Depends what you talk about,' Morgan said quietly.

'Oh dear, I didn't realise we were so late.'

Christianne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN

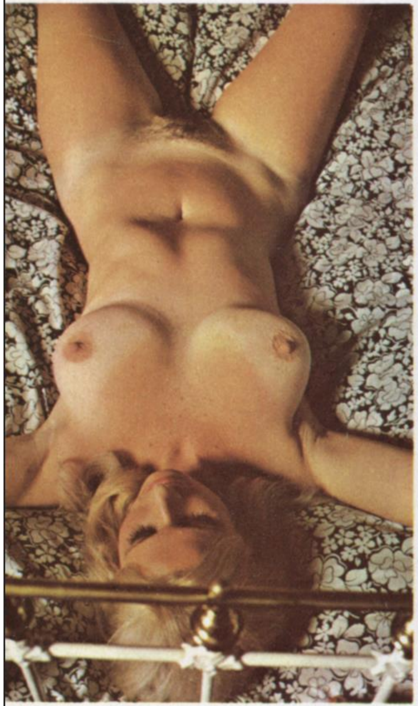
What makes a successful beauty queen? Why are some girls always winning competitions while others never get a look in? Well, there's a lot more to it than merely being blonde, buxom and beautiful, as you'll soon



BIRDS
THE COMPLEAT ASTROLOGER
KERS OF THE 20th CENTURY
HISTORIC AND PRIMITIVE MAN

discover on first meeting Christianne Halstead. Christianne has all the necessary physical requirements, but she's also got character to back up her 5 feet 6 inches of curvaceous 35-23-35 attributes. She's the uncomplicated girl next door type. Always pleasant and friendly and never without a smile. Perhaps it's her Northern upbringing that makes her so. Christianne

was born in Bolton and after attending Hayward Grammar School she came out with five O-levels and started doing some modelling. Then, at 20, she realised that her future lay in the South: 'I haven't forsaken the North,' she says, 'because the people up there are more friendly and genuine, but it's hard being a professional model and you have to go where the work is.' Coming to London seems to have been a wise decision. Some of her successes include winning a Miss Great Britain heat in Morecambe in 1971, winning the Miss Lovely beauty contest in Southend last year, a TV commercial for Wella hair spray and TV parts in the Onedin Line and the Terry Scott Show. Does she enjoy all this hard work?' 'Yes,' she'll tell you, 'I like competitions because I like meeting people and you have nights out, as well as the opportunity to travel a bit too.' Her other ambitions? Chris just wants to learn to fly.

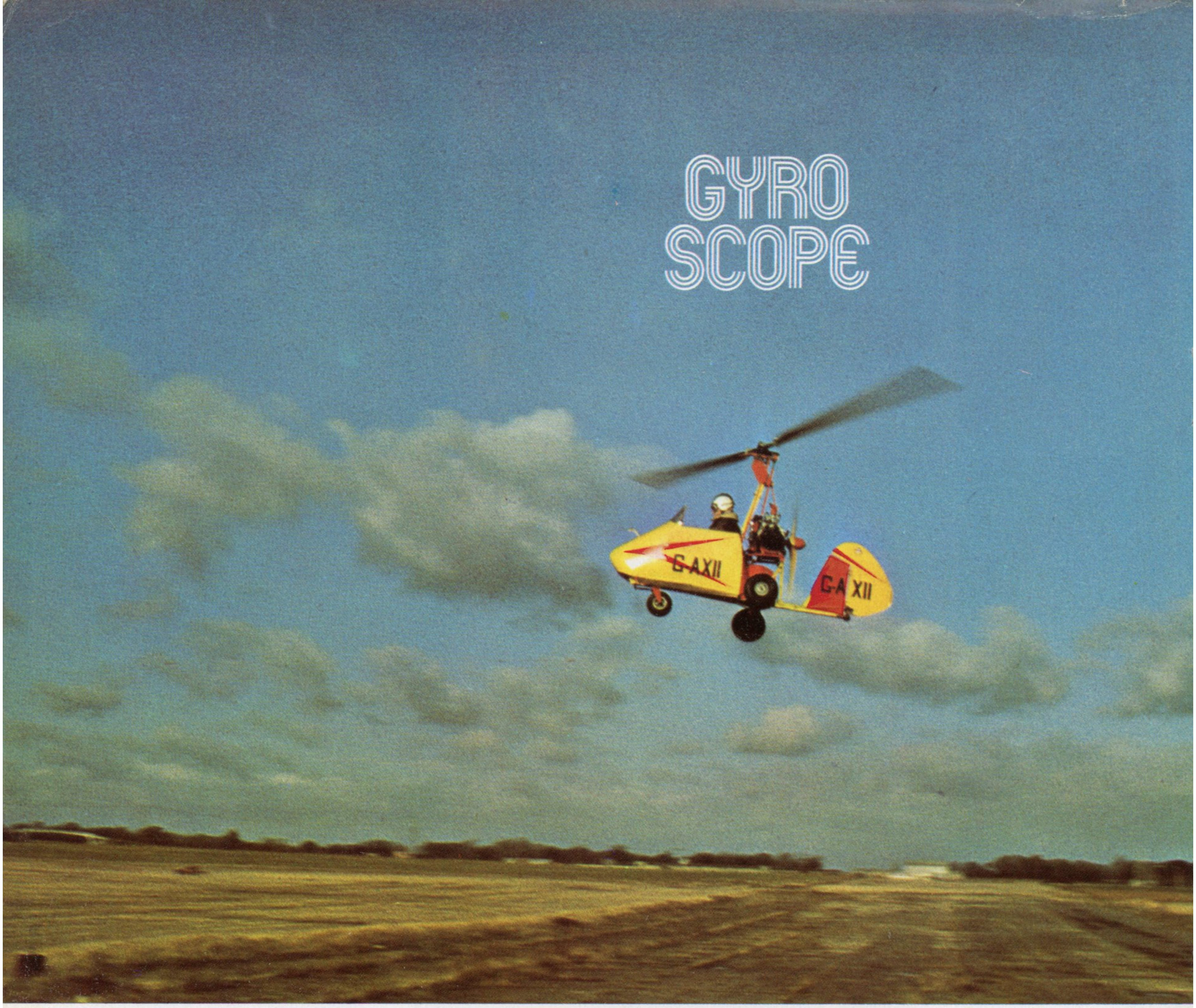


TOLKIEN
FRANCE
GERALD DURRELL

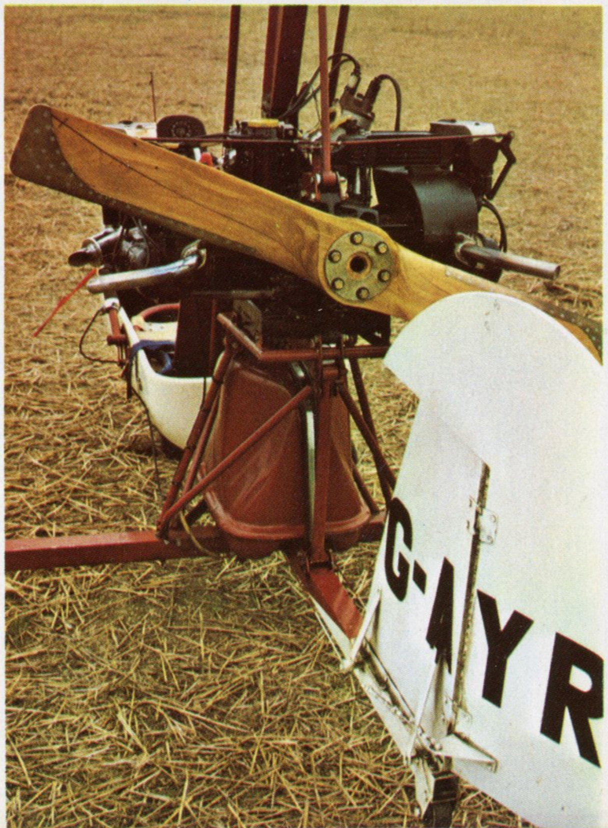
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/CHRISTIANNE HALSTEAD

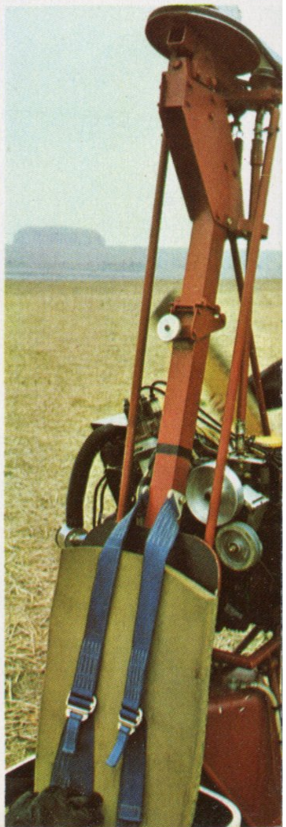
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/CHRISTIANNE HALSTEAD

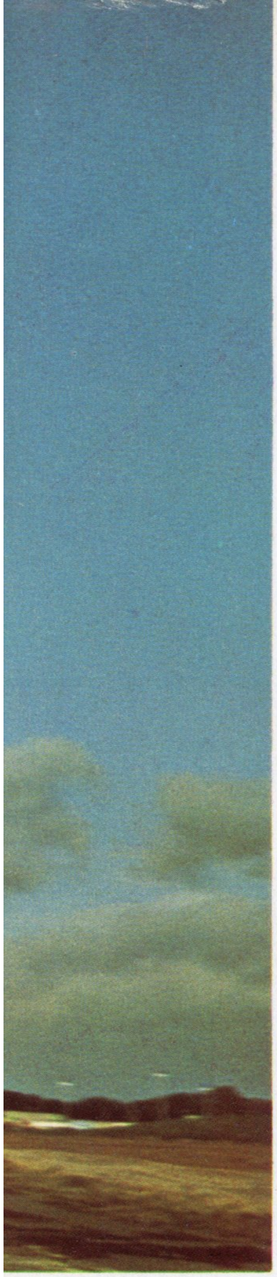
GYRO SCOPE



Above: *Gyroplane designer Peter Lovegrove soars over the runway in his modified version of the Campbell Cricket*. This page, right: *the polished and beautifully grained wooden propeller of my Cricket. The engine is started by hand-swinging the prop.* Opposite page: *Within a 100 yards you're off the ground, climbing up at 500 feet a minute at a speed of 65 mph.*





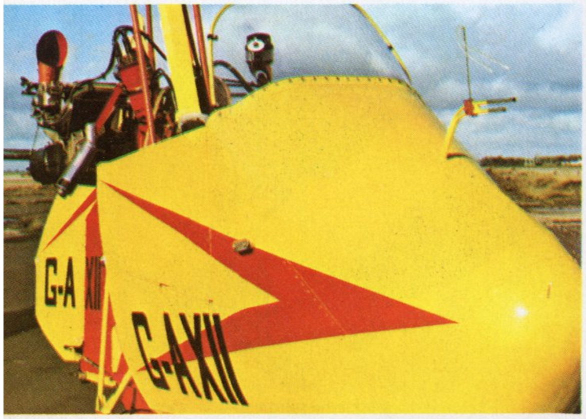


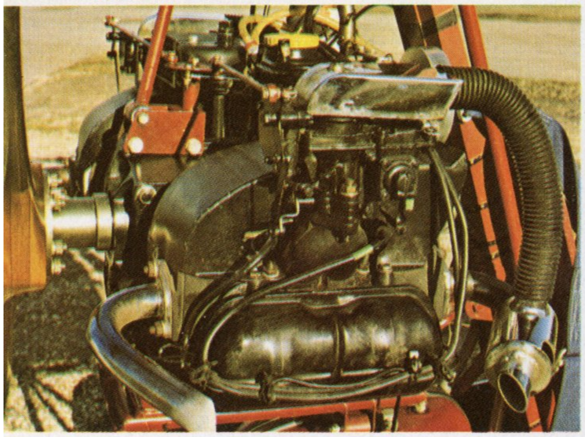
Are gyroplanes merely expensive toys, or are they a future means of personal transport? Geoff Curtis recounts his own experiences

Photographed by Andrew Morland

I'm sitting in a machine looking down through 500 feet of thin air, enjoying a form of flying a million miles removed from that experienced in the conventional four-engined airliner. That's what it feels like to fly an autogyro, and it's a bug that I caught one Monday morning about a year ago from an article in a magazine I was reading on my way to work. The world's first rotating wing aircraft became airborne in 1919, this magazine informed me. Called the C30 Autogyro it was the brain-child of a man called De la Cierva and its rotor blades, free to rotate like a child's plastic wind wheel, were driven solely by the wind. A propeller, engine driven as on conventional aeroplanes, provided the motive force that moved the machine in the horizontal plane. I turned over in my mind that phrase 'driven by wind' and came to the conclusion that, for a person holding a private pilot's licence, my knowledge of aerodynamics was sadly lacking. So I decided to acquaint myself with some of the fundamental physical laws, without which rotating wing machines would never leave the ground. I discovered that the airflow past the machine, arising from its forward motion under the influence of the engine driven propeller, presses against the rotor blades from below and causes them to revolve. Lift is developed at right angles, and drag in direct opposition, to the airflow. These two forces combine into a pure lift force that acts vertically and a small auto-rotative force that acts in the direction the blade is turning. This auto-rotative force keeps the rotor blade going round, and the faster it goes the more lift is generated until the whole contraption leaves the ground. So much for the theory, and as is the case with inventions, a seemingly better one

came along. The new thinking was to drive the rotor blades with an engine that would give thrust for both lift and directional movement. It was snapped up by the military as well as commercial enterprises, somebody called it a helicopter, and all the C30 autogyros were posted to museums. But De la Cierva's labours were not in vain, for enthusiasts the world over carried on the good work, and from the early days of wooden rotor blades and unreliable four cylinder, two-stroke engines, there evolved a new generation of light autogyros, or gyroplanes as they are now called. The present day versions have come a long way from that. They are ultra light, weighing a mere three hundred pounds, and can lift a 14 stone pilot together with seven gallons of fuel to a height exceeding five thousand feet and keep him there for over two hours. At a cruising speed of around 70 mph you have a still air range of about 160 miles. Even with my mathematical ability I could work that one out. This much I got from my magazine, as well as an urge to fly one of these machines right

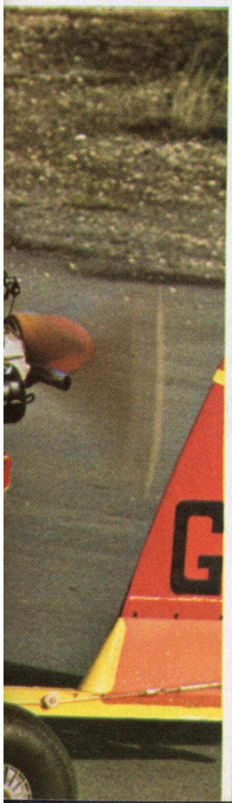




Above: *the lightweight glass fibre body pushed by the Volkswagen engine can take you to 5,000 feet*. Above, right: *you get a marvellous view from the open cockpit*. Above, far right: *the instruments are simple and neat*. Near right: *Peter Lovegrove awaits take-off*. Far right: *The two of us enjoy a spin*.

then and there. To join the small band of away-from-it-all people and enjoy the freedom of the skies. Yes, but how? I knew I had a good start, holding a current private pilot's licence which was well above the minimum requirements of three hours solo on an ordinary aeroplane with a student pilot licence. But what was I going to practise in? I was sure that no owner of one of these delightful little machines, unless he was quite insane, would be ready to lend me one. Decisions of pilots should be made quickly and resolutely, so I sold the MGB and, much more sorrowfully, my 1934 Austin Nippy, which at least proved to my bank manager a serious interest, and became the proud owner of a brand new and shiny Campbell Cricket. Designed by Peter Lovegrove and developed by Campbell Aircraft, this Cricket is one of about 30 of its type so far

turn to page 59



GYRO SCOPE

continued from page 55

produced at Membury airfield, near Lamborn in Berkshire. These machines have been exported to places as far away as Mexico, Kuwait, Morocco and Hong Kong, shown their paces to royalty and, as proof of their reliability, made a record breaking flight across the Channel. The gyroplane must be one of the most exciting forms of personal transport that has yet been devised.

My machine has a streamlined glass fibre nacelle that encloses the metal framework, pilot's seat and controls. These are quite conventional, consisting of a control column, rudder bar and parking brake, as well as footbrakes and nosewheel steering that make handling on the ground no more difficult than driving a light car. The instrument panel is quite comprehensive; airspeed, altimeter, compass, engine cylinder head temperature, rpm and oil pressure can be read at a glance. So too can the notice which ominously warns you that the aircraft has not been proved to comply with airworthiness requirements, and that to minimise risks it should only be flown within the conditions and manoeuvres stated by the constructor to have been repeatably experienced without trouble. Behind the pilot's seat sits the strongly mounted 1,600 cc modified Volkswagen engine, air-cooled and developing 76 bhp at 4,200 rpm. Most striking is the beautifully grained wood pusher propeller set right at the rear, and driven by the engine. Overhead, and connected by push rods to the control column is a gimbal device to which is attached the twin bladed metal rotor, over 21 feet in length.

My initial training on the Ministry approved flying course began with dual instruction in a twin seat gyroglider, a gaunt piece of framework that is really a gyroplane without an engine. It is towed by a powerful saloon car and such is the tremendous lifting force generated by those whirling rotor blades that, as my capable and confident looking instructor and I soared to 50 feet, the rear wheels of the car were raised, spinning madly, almost clear of the ground. A turn left, a bank right and then, as the car slowed down, we were deposited gently back onto the runway. Now I could be trusted with my own aircraft.

I started the preflight checks: brakes on and enough petrol (five star grade) in the tank; full and free movement of the controls, magneto leads sound; plugs tight and so on, until I was sure everything was as it should be. The Solex carburetters primed, ignition switched on and the propeller hand swung to start. By the time the first puff of smoke had barely blown away and the initial roar of the engine had died down I was strapped very tightly in the seat. I engaged the ingenious clutch device and the rotor blades started to revolve, gradually increasing speed as the wind took over. Off with the brakes and I was heading down the runway, stick held back and speed increasing. By now the rotor was a blur, spinning at close to 300 rpm, and things began to happen very quickly. The nose lifted, the aircraft balancing on its main wheels, and I gave her the gun. Full throttle brought a surge forward with breathtaking acceleration. With only a hundred yards of runway behind me I eased back the control column and the machine was up in the air, climbing at 500 feet a minute with a speed of 65 mph. It's at this point that you become very much aware of being seated in an open cockpit, with your knees just fitting under the instrument panel, and lots and lots of fresh air from the waist upwards. But what a marvellous view, and a three dimensional freedom shared only with the birds.

Sixty mph is a comfortable speed for cruising in a straight line across rivers, fields and the occasional road jammed with traffic. You're high enough to escape the fumes and clear obstacles safely, but not too high. The temperature falls rapidly with altitude and it can be quite chilly even on a summer's day.

For practice as well as for fun I reduced the forward speed, by closing the throttle, down to an indicated 25 mph in level flight and the aircraft slowly descended. This type of machine can never stall, for the blades above are always in autorotation and will never cease to go round, even if the forward velocity drops to zero.

Now comes the approach and landing. As I closed the throttle and depressed the nose the runway loomed nearer. By varying the power I could control the approach path and the rate of descent from quite a shallow angle to near vertical. With the ground rushing up to meet me I levelled off, gently touched down with a final speed of about 10 mph. I pulled back on the column to get maximum drag from the rotor and the machine stopped in less than 20 feet.

Eventually I completed 10 hours flying under supervision. Verbal briefings and far more verbose debriefings were given and received, and my machine was still intact and unbent after innumerable landings that varied from the normal in that they were the sort that swiftly follow a simulated engine failure on take off. I had learnt all the tricks and could be trusted to put that plane down on the proverbial and pre-decimalisation sixpence. I was now fully qualified to fly my very own gyroplane and had the all important signature in the grey coloured licence to prove it.

No more dreary weekends for me with nothing to do. ■

BLUE MOON
STRIPCLUB!
McLACHLAN

I suppose if I go as a pirate

When a girl is invited to a fancy dress ball, says Rosalind Davies, it's the

Apart from the time that I wore an angora sweater without a bra, I can't think of anything that has turned me on more than a fancy dress party.

Basically, I suppose it's just that most big girls, like most little girls, just love to dress up. It's a bit more than that with me though. The fantasy of being someone else gets me all worked up and like they say – a little bit of what you fantasy does you good.

And how else, other than by going to a fancy dress party, could I be Josephine, flouncing into one of the grand palaces where Napoleon is holding his big balls? Or be the whore, quivering with desire as Vincent van Gogh says 'Cop hold of this 'ere ear love.'? What other chance would I have of gripping a long stiff pigtail and hearing a mysterious Chinese gent whisper 'Honourable crumpet spreadee legs now for velly virile Doctor Fu Manchu'?

The only trouble is that if I go to a party as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, I don't get the teeniest tremble under my long silk drawers for a man who has come dressed as a bus conductor. Nor, if I go as Nell Gwynne, does my jaffa get the slightest bit juicy for a guy who turns up as Mickey Mouse. No, if I am Lady Hamilton I'm looking for Lord Nelson. If I'm Victoria I must have Albert. To get my full whack of erotic excitement I just have to try to match up the characters and it's not always easy.

Take the last fancy dress party that I went to. Well, the one we all went to. Carol, Ann, Susan and myself. It was at this super flat over St. John's Wood way somewhere and there I was in this deliciously scanty pirate's costume with enough of me protruding from the striped top-piece to raise the jolly roger of every male in the place. Straight away I saw a really dishy guy in a sailor's uniform – the perfect match and lovely with it! I got a touch of the instant urge with my bosom heaving, my lips wetting, and all the other funny things that happen to me when I fancy somebody like mad.

'Hello shipmate' I said, sitting down next to him and leaning forward so that he could see all the way down to my navel.

'Hello' he said, 'Nice to see you.'

I bent lower still so that he could see a little more of me, held the position for what I hoped would be long enough to shiver his timber, then straightened up to start chatting. As I lifted my head, I saw

I must expect to get jolly rogered...

fantasy of her clothes that shows what she's after / Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

to my horror that Ann, black mask, she-devil's costume and all, had slipped into the seat on the other side of him.

'You really shouldn't bend over like that darling' she said sweetly, 'Your doubloons are liable to fall out.'

'Oh go to hell' I snarled. I nudged closer to the sailor and rubbed a thigh insistently against his but it was no use. He was already a soul in torment for the delights that were plainly visible under Ann's black see-through cat suit. I saw his eyes bulging. Somehow, under the flimsy material Ann's big breasts looked bigger and her luxurious bush seemed even bushier. In no time at all the sailor boy had one hand all the way up her tail and his other hand desperately trying to get through what he could see through. Ann began to purr like a cat that's discovered treble cream and I stared in fascination – anxious to see which would break through the material first, his fingers or Ann's nipples. I stayed just long enough to hear him say to her would she like to go out to his car to help fix the trouble he was having with his big end, then I admitted defeat and crept away.

Over on the far side of the room I could see that Sue, in her natty gipsy gear, had nabbed an Elizabethan-era-type chap and was busy on a settee crossing his palms with everything she'd got. I decided to try the do-unto-others routine. What Ann had done to me I could do to Sue – take her man right from under her nose. I moved in for the kill.

'Hi there, how nice to meet you,' I gushed, extending my hand for a handshake in the hope that he would let go of what he was fondling under the bottom half of Sue's costume.

'Look, sweetie,' said Sue, crossing her legs to keep his hand in place, 'I see here in my little crystal ball that a certain tatty pirate is going to get her cutlass shoved right up the tenderest part of her anatomy if she doesn't eff off.'

I got the message and was half way across the room before Sue had finished her gipsy's warning and replaced her tongue in her guy's mouth.

Things were looking black. With the sailor boy and the Elizabethan fella both heavily committed, there didn't seem to be any characters left that I could match up to. In fact, there didn't seem to be too many men

turn to page 84

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I must expect to get jolly rogered...

continued from page 57

left without partners at all. I felt decidedly depressed and was looking around for a shoulder to cry on when Carol, her make-up well and truly smudged, stepped back into the room from behind a curtained alcove.

'It's your own damn fault if you've finished up without a man' she said, giving emphasis to her impatience with me by shaking the pert breasts which jutted out of her Cleopatra gear. 'What the hell does it matter how they are dressed, they're all men underneath . . . some more than others that's all, and you'll only find that out by trying them.'

I waited for her to continue but before she could say another word, two hands came through the curtains, insinuated themselves under her diaphanous skirt, stroked up and down her chubby thighs for a few seconds, then pulled her back out of sight behind the curtains.

That did it. The other two well on the way to having it away and now Cleopatra Carol getting a right royal feel-up. It was enough to give anybody the needle. I cursed. What a stupid bird I was – me and my matching up. From now on, I thought, I'm going to go to every party as an Indian squaw so that I can grab the first white man in sight. I thought back to the time when I had actually gone to a party dressed as an Indian maiden. The things a white man did with forked tongue that night! Wow! He got me so hot I almost emitted smoke signals. The memory convinced me. To hell with pirates – it's an Indian girl for me in future.

'Hello, darling, how about a drink?'

I turned to see who was asking me the question but all I could see were two very blue eyes peeping out of what appeared to be a couple of hundred shaggy wigs all sewn together like a meandering doormat.

'What the devil are you supposed to be?' I said.

'I'm Dougal' the bundle of wigs replied. 'You know . . . the lovable TV doggie.'

I resisted an instant urge to tell him to go get back on the magic roundabout but thinking of Ann and Sue and Carol and of their three male bodies had started an itch between my legs. With pirates as with sailors, it was a case of any port in a storm, and my sea was already showing quite a swell.

'Actually I'm John and I live in the flat above.' He took off the shaggy headpiece and I could see that he was really quite nice looking, with long blond hair which accentuated the blue of his eyes. 'It's quieter up there . . . just the place for a nice couple like us to get to know each other . . . how about it?'

Up in his flat, about half-an-hour and several drinks later, he had got to know me quite well. He began by getting to know my lips and the nape of my neck which is another place where I like to be kissed. Then, removing my costume piece by piece, he got to know how my breasts firm up under a gentle hand. How my nipples pop out with just the lightest of touches. He got to know the hollow of my back – the curve of my stomach – the way my bottom quivered against his palm. He got to know the smoothness of my long legs and the warmth inside my thighs. Finally, with eager, probing fingers, he got to know how badly I wanted him.

'John darling' I whispered, raising myself a little from the bed. 'You've got to know me . . . now can I get to know you a little?'

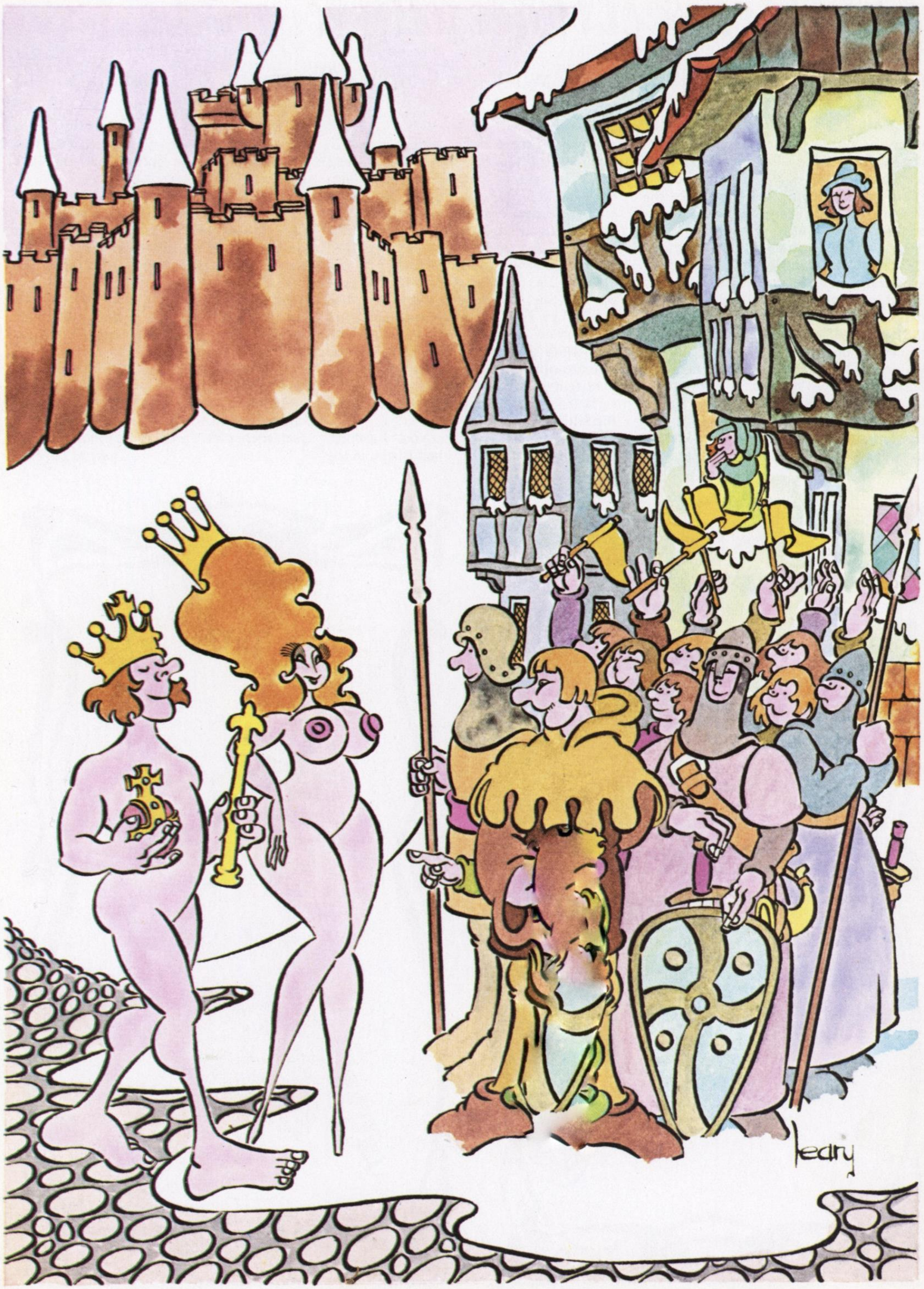
He was still wearing the lower half of his ridiculous Dougal costume but I searched urgently until I found the opening. I closed my hand around him, then ran an inquisitive finger along him.

'Ooooh John.' I gasped. I could hardly believe it.

'I know darling' he said proudly, smiling at the obvious amazement on my face. 'Even at school they used to call me Long John Silver.'

'Ooooh John . . . ooooh you wonderful man!' I hugged him and fell back on the bed, pulling him with me. I braced myself for the initial shock, eager for the almost unbearable ecstasy that I knew would follow.

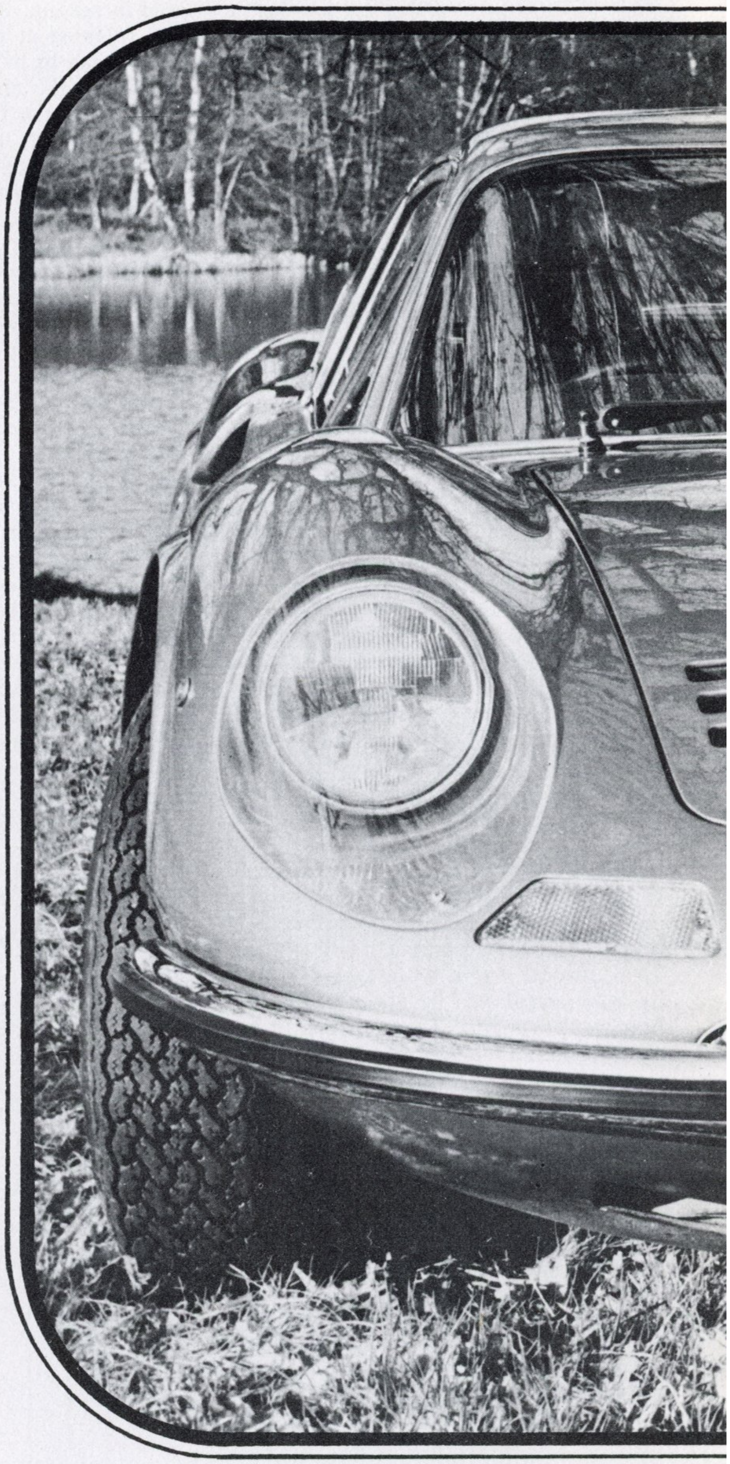
Long John Silver and a pirate girl. At last my ambition to find the perfect match had been fulfilled. And me? They hadn't called him Long John for nothing. Yes, I was fulfilled. Really full filled!



FERRARI
THE FIGHTING FORMULA

From its aggressive exhaust note to its rearing stallion badge, the marque shows an uncompromising will to win

Motoring with WB



Italian cars exude magic. Maybe it's their names – Ferrari, Maserati and Lamborghini have a certain ring about them. But Lancia and Fiat also make excellent cars. The first three, however, are forever associated with very fast, very expensive, exotic motor-cars, added to which Ferrari and Maserati are race-bred.

In fact, you could hadly have anything more race-bred than a Ferrari. It all began when Enzo Ferrari, the man even more legendary than his cars, raced Alfa Romeos in the 1920s. He went on to run the Scuderia Ferrari racing team of Alfa Romeos, which took as its emblem the famous prancing horse, which has ever since been Ferrari's hall-mark. This badge has World War One aviation associations, as it is the escutcheon of the military pilot Francesco Baracca, according to my learned friend Cyril Posthumus – rather as the Hispano-Suiza stork mascot was derived from the French pilot Guynemer's motif.

When Alfa Romeo ceased to race officially as a factory, their cars were entrusted to Ferrari, and driven by the top drivers of their day, they were very successful. So Enzo is a motor racing man to his finger-tips.

Alfa Romeo returned to racing their own cars just prior to the Second World War, so Ferrari formed a company of his own, with racing and high-performance specialist cars primarily in mind. The war didn't let this project get far and during the period of hostilities, he concentrated on making machine-tools in his since-famous factory at Maranello.

If you love and understand front-rank motor-racing, if you are an engineer, and have a high-grade machine-tool plant, then building your own racing cars is, if not easy, certainly possible. Enzo Ferrari made it so. Right from the start, in 1946, his cars were very fast, and technically exciting. He engaged Colombo to design a 1½-litre sports car and this had a 60 deg. V12 engine, a tubular chassis frame, and a five-speed gearbox. This sort of specification would not be backward in 1973.

A 2-litre Tipo 166 sports Ferrari won the Le Mans 24-hour race in 1949 and at this period single-seater pure racing Ferraris dominated Formula One and Formula Two racing. The magic of Ferrari had begun.

There followed the Aurelio Lampredi-evolved Ferraris which knocked Alfa Romeo racing supremacy sideways. These, in turn, were succeeded by the 2-litre four-cylinder Ferraris which gave Alberto Ascari the Drivers' World Championship in 1952 and 1953. Then there arrived those big, brute-force Ferraris, the 4.9 litre V12 sports-racing jobs, one of which was victorious at Le Mans in 1954. From this line were developed large-engined high-speed models aimed at the receptive American market, and by 1966 the Superfast or Tipo 500 had encompassed 400 bhp. In 2 + 2 form this was Britain's most costly car, at over £11,500. The magic was being nicely sustained!

Apart from the allure of the cars themselves, with multi-cylinder power packs emitting entirely characteristic noises, and bodywork by such top fashion-houses as Pininfarina, Ghia and Touring, there were the legends, almost all of them founded on fact. There was the model factory at Maranello, from which experimental and production Ferraris were wont to scream off down the road on very hurried test drives. Here Ferrari was an autocratic controller of all that went on, even if he left the engineering to the experts. He loved racing above all things, yet in later years, after the death through illness of his son Dino, seldom attended them personally. But he liked to pay the very top drivers to race his red Ferraris – Ascari, Fangio, Villoresi, Hawthorn, Surtees, Phill Hill, Ickx – to name then at random, from different eras of racing history.

A hard task-master, Ferrari expected results but earned a reputation for being ready before most others with next season's cars, despite his frequent threats of withdrawal from the sport. He was autocratic to a degree. There are tales of wealthy Americans intent on buying the latest Ferrari, who would visit the

Pace and grace combined in the Dino 246 GT. It can top 150 mph.

factory expecting to get something of a VIP reception, see and try a car, sign the cheque and depart. After waiting most of the day in the little room hung with old racing pictures a message would come through that if they were prepared to take delayed delivery they could have the car they wanted but only if they had it in red. They would depart without gaining an audience with him and probably without trying a car. In this Enzo reflected something of the aloofness of Ettore Bugatti. It didn't necessarily lose him customers . . .

Ferrari, of course, knew what he was about, and what high-performance motor-cars were all about. When Lancia found they could no longer race, it was to Enzo Ferrari that they made over their 1955 2½-litre V8 Grand Prix cars, which Ferrari improved, enabling Fangio to clinch his fourth World Championship. A V6 Ferrari Dino—so called in memory of Ferrari's son—gave Hawthorn his 1958 World Championship and in his special field of sports-car racing the 3-litre V12 Testa Rosa Ferraris won Le Mans and the World Sports Car Championship in 1958, 1959 and again in 1961.

An ageing man, Ferrari remained able to keep his cars in the forefront of racing development. From 1962 he accepted the rear-engined Grand Prix layout. For his road cars he put the famous V12 twin-cam engines at the front but acknowledged the mid-engined concept with the fabulous catalogue-model Dino. Its 2-litre V6 power-pack was set transversely behind the driver. What a car this is! Denis Jenkinson quotes it as about the best thing he has ever driven. Mid-engines will continue to increase in popularity and the pity of it is that Britain could have had a very good, uncomplicated car of this kind in the V8 Rover coupé.

Today Ferrari is as much in evidence in motor racing as ever. Last year he won the World Sports Car Championship so easily that the title was his before the Le Mans race in June, from which he withdrew, as being pointless to compete. His flat twelve cylinder rear-engined Grand Prix cars in the hands of Jacky Ickx and Clay

Regazzoni may not have shown quite the pace and stamina of the Cosworth-powered World Championship Lotus 72D, which is all the more credit to Colin Chapman, Keith Duckworth and Ford. But in his sports-racing 312Ps, the same flat twelve engine has paid the highest dividends. And among the John Player, Yardley, Matchbox, Pollitoys and what-have-you entries, there is a great continuing dignity about those of Ferrari SEFAC, Italy.

Ferrari builds his own racing engines, in company with Matra and BRM, as he always has done. Indeed, in the first post-war decade Ferrari made 44 different engine-types, the least powerful of which poked out 100 bhp from 1½-litres and the most exciting of them over 500 bhp, with peak revs habitually from 7,000 to 9,000 rpm – and this over 15 years ago. During that time there were innumerable Ferrari models, bearing names like Monza, Mille Miglia, Super Squalo, Super America, Mondial, Testa Rosa, Dino and Le Mans. The specifications embraced one or more overhead camshafts, superchargers, single and two-stage super charging, Silumin-ium cylinder blocks, two-plug heads, Weber carburettors, five-speed transmissions, de Dion rear axles . . . a magic formula.

The V12 engine is in the news again in this country with the advent, at the last Earls Court Motor Show, of the excellent Jaguar/Daimler 5.3-litre power unit of this type.

There is nothing novel about having as many as twelve cylinders under the bonnet. Packard did it with the Twin-Six in 1915 and this American V12 was followed by others in that country and by those of Fiat, Lancia, and Voisin in Europe. Voisin also tried, but hastily abandoned, an inline straight-twelve.

There followed the huge British Daimler "Double-Six", the V12 Hispano-Suizas, the Phantom III Rolls-Royce, W. O. Bentley's V12 Lagonda, engines of this type by Auburn, Cadillac, Lincoln (who got out eventually quite an inexpensive one), Packard, Pierce-Arrow and Marmon, in the USA.

In post-war years, until Jaguar revived it, the V12 has been ousted by the V8, although Ferrari and Lamborghini were wedded to it. But while most of the manufacturers who went to twelve cylinders did so from the prestige angle, Ferrari did so from the viewpoint of efficiency. Rev up a Ferrari and things can be heard to be happening. Do so with a V12 Jaguar and the whisper of power is not far removed from the feel of a six-cylinder power unit. That, perhaps, sums up the great magic of Ferrari, together with the legends, the lengthy lists of victories and the stylish lines.

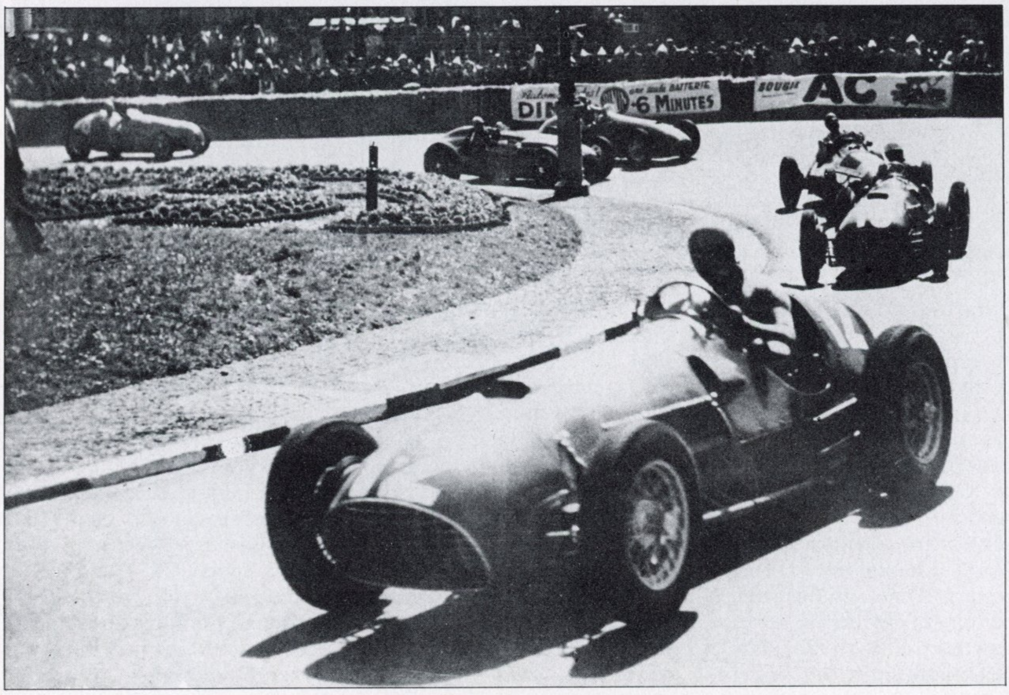
Lots of little cylinders with valves upstairs in hemispherical combustion chambers, prodded by twin overhead camshafts, spell out maximum efficiency. And to Ferrari efficiency is vital. It is said that comparisons are odious: the Jaguar V12 5.3-litres swept-volume develops 265 bhp at 6,000 rpm; Ferrari's 365 GTB4 Berlinetta coupé has under its bonnet a 4.4-litre V12 engine which gives 352 bhp at 7,700 rpm on a rather lower compression-ratio than the Coventry confection. Ferrari's more modest 365 GTC V12 of the same capacity is quoted as developing 320 bhp at 6,200 rpm. In giving you this I am not being snide to the British engine, which has much useful development ahead of it, I am sure. But whichever way you look at it, Ferrari is the power producer, Jaguar more the velvet-glove approach to luxury motoring. And it is in this powerful multi-pot plot, I maintain, that some of the Ferrari allure lies.

It is the close link between the production and the racing Ferraris, coupled with the long years during which Maranello has been eminently successful in racing and has built such motor-cars, that make a Ferrari quite irresistible, to young and old alike. This puts it that much ahead of Maserati and Lamborghini on rich men's short-lists, when they shop for impeccable and exciting and highly-satisfying high-performance automobiles. Today you can have the compact, very advanced, safe-handling mid-engined Dino V6 246GT, a 2½-litre true GT coupé, for which *Country Life* quotes a top speed of 150 mph. Or how about the Berlinetta Boxer with that flat twelve racecourse engine of 360 bhp and a Scaglietti-built Pininfarina body, for which the catalogue claims 195 mph from this 23 cwt. 8 feet 8 inch-wheelbase coupé – 'price not available at the time of printing'. Or just a sober 180 mph (I quote the catalogue again) 4.4-litre, V12 of course, 352 bhp Daytona Berlinetta 365 GTB4, at a cool £9,992.06? If any of these Ferraris make your blood run faster, Maranello Concessionaires at Egham, the sole concessionaires for Enzo Ferrari's products in Great Britain, will tell you more. Where that will lead you I don't know. Except that some of their enthusiasm for these exclusive road-burners is bound to rub off, so that you will probably find yourself selling your soul to buy one.

Their chairman, Colonel Ronnie Hoare, a great Ferrari character, has bought one of the 312S team cars, so that he can lend it indefinitely to Lord Montague for exhibition in the National Motor Museum, the first Ferrari Beaulieu has had. That's an unselfish gesture for you.

The car thoroughly deserves such recognition, for last year Ferrari won all but one of the Championship Sports Car Races, ten in number. That he will probably do as well this year is indicated by the fact that at Imola last year Ferrari fielded a prototype of this 1973 312P and although it had some brake trouble, Ickx finished the 500 kilometre race in second place, the winner being Merzario in a 1972-type 312P. These two Ferraris vanquished opposition from cars like the Alfa Romeo 33TT/3, Porsche 908 and Lola, which they will have to beat this year.

So Ferrari, brushing aside yet another threat to retire, has very alluring cars ready for the coming sports-racing season, on which the production-model Boxer with its six Webers and its aerodynamic bodywork is closely based. Perhaps the Ferrari fever is best illustrated by a man who often told his wife he would sell the house and buy a Dino. 'And now I have done it,' he told me.



World Champion in 1952 and 1953, Albert Ascari drives to victory in a two-litre Formula Two Ferrari.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Into a pleasant old country pub walks a young man who politely asks the landlord for a pint of bitter. He finishes his beer and then suddenly unzips himself and drenches the barman and the other customers.

Not surprisingly, the landlord is furious: 'What the hell are you playing at? That's downright disgusting. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—coming in here, doing that.'

The strange customer is obviously very upset by what he has just done. In a quiet voice he tells the landlord: 'I don't know what came over me. I can't help myself, and every time I do it I feel so guilty and embarrassed. But what can I do?'

'You want to go to a psychiatrist and get yourself treated,' the landlord tells him, realising the young man needs medical help. Thanking him for the suggestion, the customer goes out.

A month later he marches back into the bar again and orders a pint. Recognising him the landlord is wary. 'You've been for treatment, have you? Are you better now?'

The customer assures him he is much better, and a pint of beer is put in front of him. The young man drinks it with relish, then immediately unzips himself and soaks the bar and other customers once again.

'Here,' said the landlord. 'I thought you said you were cured?'

'But I am,' says the young man proudly. 'I don't feel the slightest bit guilty or embarrassed now.'

The doctor rang his bell for the next patient to come in, and the door opened to admit an elderly man, obviously deeply distressed.

The doctor asked the man to sit down and tell him what the trouble was. After a great deal of beating about the bush the patient eventually told him that for some months his genitals had been extremely painful, and finally his organ had dropped off completely.

'This is really most extraordinary,' exclaimed the doctor. 'I hope you've brought it with you for me to examine?'

The patient proceeded to search in all his pockets, eventually producing a shrivelled brown object. Examining it the physician exclaimed:' I'm sorry, sir, but this seems to be a cigar.'

'Oh Christ no, I must have smoked it then.'

In Lover's Lane it was a warm, moonless autumn evening – perfect for clandestine copulation. Deliberately spaced as far apart as possible, a dozen cars with steamed up windows bore witness to the little lane's popularity.

In the steamy interior of an ancient Ford van, one couple were mercilessly punishing the antique springs. But suddenly the magic of the moment was shattered. A fist pounded on the side of the van. 'Oy you!' a deep voice boomed. Groping for the girl's discarded knickers, the young man wiped the steam from a window. A torch shone into the van, and the couple dimly made out the pointed helmet and lecherous leering features of a huge policeman.

'Oy!' he yelled again, 'It's my turn next.' Terrified, the young man clutched the naked girl close to him. 'Just remember,' the policeman warned, 'it's me next, and I'll be back.' And with that he stomped off into the night.

At first the lovers were too scared to move. But after ten minutes they felt safer, and soon the springs were groaning and the windows were steamed up once more. Then, suddenly, he was back. Pounding on the side of the van, he started shouting again: 'Oy! I told you it was my turn next!

Opening the door, the policeman told the young man to get out. Then he noticed he was white as a sheet and trembling with fear. 'Hey, what's up?' he asked. 'All I did was say that it was my turn next. What are you so scared of?'

'W-well,' the young man stammered, 'I-I've n-never laid a policeman before.'

Nigel and Jeremy locked up the boutique, took a taxi to the airport and boarded a plane that would take them to Italy for the holiday of a lifetime. Their first stop, they decided, must be the Vatican, and they made straight for St. Peter's Square as soon as they landed in Rome.

They were admiring the nude statues and the fountains, when round a corner there appeared a church procession. Nigel nearly fainted clean away when he caught sight of the cardinals and bishops in their beautiful puce vestments. Just then an angelic little choirboy passed in front of them, swinging a censer from which clouds of sweet incense smoke rose. 'Oh Nigel!' said Jeremy, 'look at that poor little boy.'

'My goodness,' said Nigel, 'Do you think we should tell him his handbag's on fire?'

An eight-year-old boy and his father are out walking when they suddenly come across two dogs mating.

'Oh! Daddy, what *are* they doing?' says the little boy. Daddy is a progressive parent, and feels he should answer his son's questions honestly and in a way the boy will understand. 'They're making a puppy,' he tells his son. And they walk on towards the house.

That night, the little boy is asleep in bed when he wakes up wanting a drink of water. He tiptoes along to his parents' bedroom, walks in without knocking, and sees them making love.

'Oh! Daddy, what are you doing?' says the little boy.

His father again feels he should answer his son honestly. 'We're making a baby,' he says.

'Please, Daddy, I wish you'd turn Mummy over,' says the little boy, 'I'd much rather have a puppy.'

An elderly pervert from Nice
Was long past getting a piece,
He mounted his hogs,
His cows and some dogs,
Till his parrot called in the police.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for all readers whose jokes are published. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

SWEET SIXTEEN

'But Michael, why ever not? Here I am offering myself to you on a plate – absolutely *begging* you for it – and yet you turn me down. It's really not very flattering for a girl, y'know. *Why* won't you?'

'Three reasons young lady. First of all you're too young. Secondly, I've known your parents for too many years and thirdly, my wife is your mother's best friend. Now, what do you say to that?'

'Balls . . . actually.'

'Well, I don't think that's at all a very nice thing for a sixteen year old girl to say, do you?'

'Yes. I think it's a perfectly lovely thing to say – and better still to play with.'

'*Jane,* your incorrigible.'

'Yes I know I am – but why do you seem so outraged? You're a man of the world, Mike and I'm a big girl now. I do read the papers, y'know . . .'

'Mmmmmm. And a lot more besides, it would seem.'

'Exactly. And at sixteen I'm legal tender in this country. One of the few things our society is halfway realistic about. So why on earth are you so keen to do us both out of one hell of a big favour? I thought all men dreamed of having a piece of nice firm bushy tailed sixteen year old virgin flesh all of their own to play with?'

'Dream, Jane, maybe yes, but . . .'

'But what? But nothing. Here I am offering you the chance to realise that dream and yet you persist in insulting me. Why on earth won't you?'

'Because, my dear girl, the night that you were born I drank your father's whisky with him and now here you are fairly successfully endeavouring to embarrass me into betraying that friendship.'

'Be*tray*ing a *friend*ship? Pah. How ridiculous can you be? If the truth was known you'd probably be doing him a good turn.'

'Oh? And how, pray, do you arrive at that fatuous deduction?'

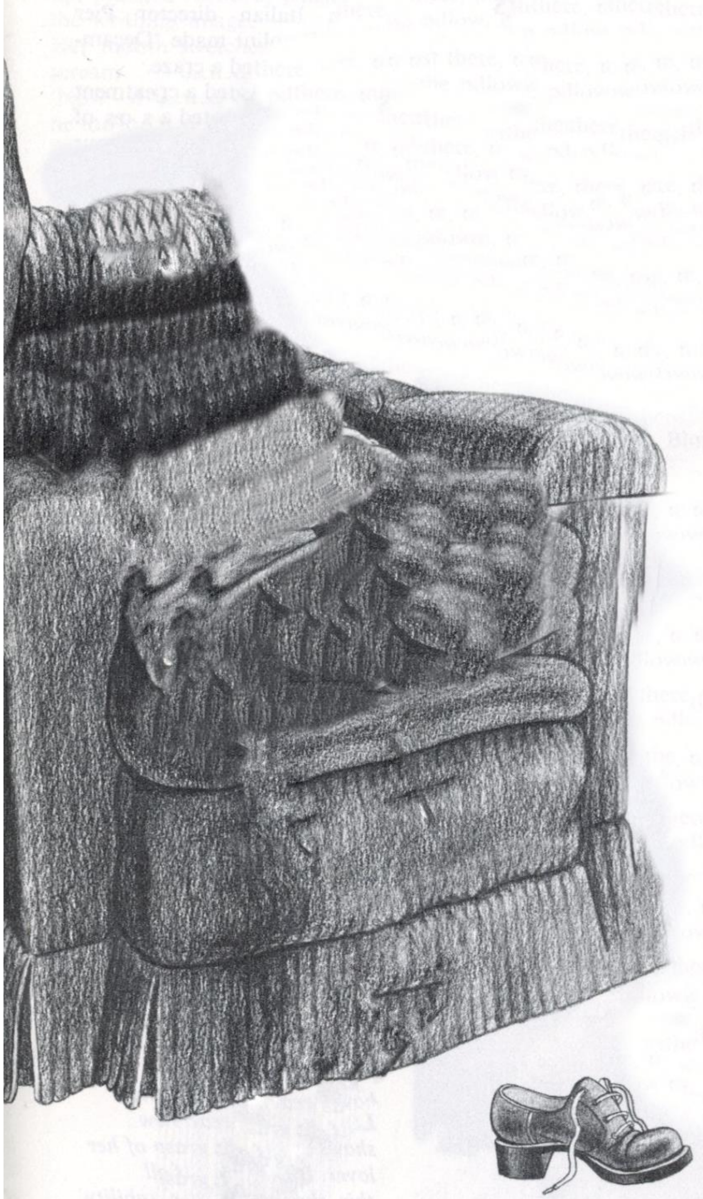
'Because . . . because . . . oh hell. Look – let me try to get you wised up a bit on little girls for a moment, shall I? At five we get our first crush. At ten we start menstruating and thinking about producing offspring. At twelve serious male company is still denied us and frowned upon and so we are forced to develop a lesbian relationship which for some hideous reason apparently is not frowned upon but is put down instead as a necessary part of growing up. Then, if we continue to drink all our milk and eat up all our greens and take an active part in school sports by the time we are fourteen most of us can make Sophia Loren look like a physically retarded wastrel . . . and there's *still* two more years to go before we can shake off our law bait tag. Although these days there are so few of us who can bother to hang about those extra two years that most girls . . .'

'*Jane!* Do you mean to say . . .?'

'No. I don't. Would you believe I'm one of the rare ones who've managed to hang on. But *now*. Ahhh*hhaaaa*. *Now* I'm ripe, Mike. Oh *man* am I ripe. In fact if I don't get it by next weekend this chick will turn herself bright purple and absolutely flip her tiny mind. Now. Either it's going to be done

ILLUSTRATION BY CARMO

Resisting the charms of your best friend's sixteen year old virginal daughter is hard work, says Mike George, especially when she fancies you like mad



by you in a dreamy setting in a hotel in Bournemouth – or else in the dry leaves behind the potting shed with Stephen. So? Which do you think Daddy would prefer?'

'I would think neither. I would also venture to suggest that there are some things in life of which it is still better for Daddies to remain blissfully unaware – and the mode and venue of their dear daughters' defloration could well be one of them.'

'Ex*a*ctly. So why can't it be done by you?'

'But why me, Jane, for heaven's sake?'

'Because I've fancied you like hell ever since you used to bounce me up and down on your knee . . .'

'I knew at the time I shouldn't have done that . . .'

'And because I love Daddy and I am able to relate him to you and because . . . I know you'd enjoy me and would be sweet and gentle and loving and kind and . . .you see, if you think about it it's got to be done, hasn't it? At least this way I'm being true to my parents' upbringing and planning it in the nicest possible fashion. I mean, if everyone I approached is going to be coy and as concerned as you are I shall probably end up getting it done against a lamp post somewhere by some gauche pimply faced seventeen year old who's smashed out of his tiny mind on DD and appreciates what he's doing about as much as if he was pulling off butterfly wings in a thunderstorm. Well, that's simply not on, Mike. I want me to be played like a Stradivarius – not plonked like a pubescent plectrum plucking at an untuned guitar.'

'Your sentiments are commendably poetic, Jane – but I wonder if it has occurred to you that you seem to be planning this operation with an incredible degree of frenetically detached ruthlessness? You know enough of life to be aware that the act of love should only ever be contemplated between two kindred spirits who are emotionally and physically infatuated with one another.'

'I certainly know enough of life to know that *that* observation is unadulterated balls.'

'Well . . . all right . . . that's as maybe. But why are you so desperately eager to get copulated by the weekend – whether it be a hotel in Bournemouth, behind a shed with Stephen or up against a lamp post with an inebriated sixth former?'

'I'll tell you why. The reason is quite simple. While I've been pouring conscientiously over my ink stained Latin primer my daily changing body has reached the stage where it is almost bursting the seams of its gym slip and now my gently simmering hormones have come finally to the boil. Your Polynesian poppets all get theirs when they're fourteen – but oh no – not your poor old nicely brung up Brit bird who can't get herself properly worked over 'til she's sixteen and then only with experimental handfuls off her best friend's brother. Sure, I could just happen to have a tender love match within my own age group and he'd messily employ his tender loving uncontrollably twitching teenage ten second implement in my virginal direction and as I'd be on the Pill no-one would

turn to page 83

SWEET SIXTEEN

continued from page 65

be any the wiser except the two of us and whomsoever I followed it up with to enjoy my favours next . . . but it just so happens that I am determined to be initiated by an older man. So there.'

'But why by the weekend, Jane? For heaven's sake, why can't you let things take their natural course?'

'Because, Mike, things already *have* taken their natural course. I can hardly walk straight for a start. I spend my entire life in one constant hot flush just thinking about it. Besides, it's meant to be good for the complexion, too, if you like. I mean, damn it all I am human and man – just about now my body is shrieking in all directions that it's well nigh time it got itself fixed.'

'But Jane – it's not really the traumatic upheaval you seem to think it is, you know. In fact the majority of girls find it an awful let down . . .'

'Not this chick, daddyo.'

'Well, I certainly do hope you won't be too disappointed, my dear, but . . .'

'Ah. So you *are* concerned about it?'

'About what?'

'About my sexual welfare.'

'No, Jane, I mean – well, naturally I'm concerned for your happiness but . . .'

'Then why won't you do your share to help secure it?'

'Jane, you're being quite impossible.'

'No I'm not. I'm easy. I'm a dead cert in fact.'

'Jane, please won't you stop talking like a hard bitten little nymphomaniac. You're embarrassing me.'

'No I'm not. Not really. If you'd only forget for a moment that you know my parents. If you'd stop worrying that I'm only sixteen. If you'd try to imagine instead that you've just met me for the first time in a Kensington cocktail lounge – then I am sure you'd be both madly excited by this conversation and wildly attracted to me. Well . . . by Saturday night some lucky chum of your age is going to experience just that . . . *and* get all the prize money at the end of it.'

'. . . If Stephen doesn't get there first, that is. Behind the potting shed?'

'Oh he won't. I've decided it's got to be a father figure so a father figure it's going to be. If your generation want your offspring to learn the piano you fork out good money to send them to an established teacher – *not* to some tin pot young hack down the road who's only been playing the damn thing himself for three weeks. Now tell me? Have you ever known any girl of my age to be as impassioned about learning the piano as *I* am to be made love to? You know I'm a nice girl so hasn't it struck you as a little odd that I can talk to you so openly and so blatantly and so shockingly about this uncontrolled on heat condition in which I now find myself? Surely . . . that alone should convince you of my sincerity? It's likely to be the most mind bending, earth shattering experience of my young life and yet you and my parents are content to look the other way and leave it all to fate. The fairies don't come and do it for me in my sleep, you know – all nice and clean and smelling of roses. I have to go and lie down somewhere with my legs open while whichever bloke I've finally been able to settle for commences his fumbling performance o'er me. What an ignominious way to lose something that mythology, religion and society have all cherished for so long. Mike, are your misguided principles still going to cast me to the wolves? You know for sure that I'm *going* to do it. When you consider who I might end up with then surely you can see that you'd be doing us all a favour if you'd let it be you?'

'Jane, for a girl of sixteen I have to confess you present a very coherent and logical argument but, well – it's not really as simple as that, is it! There are all sorts of complications that could . . .'

'No there aren't. I'm on the Pill. I've been taking it for a month now.'

'I'm quite sure of that, my dear. But suppose I agreed and then afterwards you . . . well . . . er. . . suppose you . . . fell in love with me, or something?'

'Don't you think I already have?'

'Oh . . . Um . . . I wasn't aware of that.'

'Well I *am* in love with you. And you said it should be reserved for just such an occasion, so it's alright then, isn't it! We can stop talking about it and get stuck in.'

'But, Jane I'm a married man and . . .'

'So's Paul Newman. Millions of women are in love with him . . .'

'That's as maybe. But I'll bet he doesn't go plucking sixteen year old maidenheads from behind Hollywood bushes. And anyway . . . I'm not in love with you. And suppose we did as you suggest and then I *did* fall in love with you.'

'Oh, Mike. Do you really suppose you could? Wouldn't that be too too beautiful.'

'No, Jane. It wouldn't.'

'*Why* not?'

'Oh my dear. So many reasons. Surely you must understand? If I fell in love with you – really fell in love with you – I would have to leave my wife, forsake my children, cast your parents' friendship into grave strain, and then assuming we married, which of course we'd have to . . .'

'*No?* We *would*n't! I told you I'm on the Pill. And anyway, I'd be prepared to come and live in sin with you. Everyone does.'

'Jane, there's a grave misconception abroad today that real love begins and ends with living on the Pill in sin. This is not quite so. But if it was and we lived together – how long do you think it would last? I'm thirty five and you're sixteen. Do you realise that when you're my age I shall be . . . fifty four and . . . well, I suppose that's not so bad – I thought I'd be about seventy. But all along you'd want friends your own age and want to go dancing every night, or whatever. Can't you see the problems?'

'I'll be your mistress, then.'

'Alright, Jane. When you're twenty one if you're still of like mind you come and be my mistress.'

'Then why wait 'til I'm twenty one? If you take me on now you can enjoy the best years of my body. If you don't I will have had lots of men by the time I'm twenty one and you may not want me then.'

'By the time you're twenty one, Jane, I trust you will have either a nice young husband and a baby or else a worthwhile career and if you remember this conversation at all it will be with a smile of appreciation that I turned down your very sweet and very flattering offer.'

'Oh don't start being so bloody patronising – you're not off the hook yet, soldier. I intend to get myself laid by Saturday night and I still intend it to be by you.'

'Well perhaps you'd care to tell me exactly how you propose to do that, young lady.'

'Alright . . . let me see. Suppose I told Daddy that you had made improper advances to me . . .'

'And do you think your father would believe such a preposterous story?'

'Whyever not? I can be *very* convincing, you know. Anyway, even if you denied it there's seldom smoke without fire so don't you think your precious friendship might feel the screws loosening a bit?'

'You really *are* developing into a woman, aren't you young lady! Already you've got the natural wiles and wicked ways of an Alexandrian *houri* . . .'

'. . . But rather a more appealing body, wouldn't you say?'

'I would have to agree to that, yes.'

'And one which in normal circumstances you as a man would love to possess?'

'Yes – I would have to agree to that as well.'

'Then sod it. Why cut off your nose to spite your face? I'm old enough. I couldn't be more willing enough. I crave you desperately. I know just what I'm getting into and you need have no fear of repercussions. You know if it's not you then it's going to be some spotty freak in the bushes. *You* may not care about that too much but imagine my parents' reaction if they were to find out and then knew you knew and had done nothing to prevent it, so . . . Mike? I want it so *much* to be you, Darling Mike. Pleeeeaaase . . . mmmmmmm?'

'Well . . . look, Jane . . . er . . . suppose if we were to . . .'

'. . . Shush, Darling. Don't worry about a thing. I've got it all planned. Now this is what we'll do . . .'

CUSTOMS
ROY NIXON

The nude screen scene

CAMERA ON DECAMERON

Since Pasolini's film 'Decameron', it seems every Italian with a movie camera is shooting scripts from Boccaccio's randy medieval writings

When Italian director Pier Paolo Pasolini made 'Decameron' he started a craze.

Its explicit and erotic treatment of Boccaccio's bawdy tales of the Middle Ages found favour with critics and paying customers alike around Europe. It seems the randy stories, when translated into film, tend to appeal to the sexy tastes of the '70s.

Other film-makers too have been quick to jump on the Decameron band wagon. During the last year, it seems every Italian with a film camera has been shooting scripts based on the Decameron stories.

Latest among the fantastic footage of bare breasts and bottoms that has flooded Wardour Street comes 'Decamerone 300'. It's our pleasure to preview the rumps and the romps on these pages – and especially the delicious full-frontal nudity of Christa Linder.

Now 24 years old, the blonde German-born actress has been stripping for the film cameras since she was just 16. Her very curvy talents have brought her parts in 23 films in the last eight years.

Surprisingly, she has quite a

Rapidly reaching the top in bare-breasted films is German-born Christa Linder, seen here (near right) in a full-frontal nude shot. Left: The full-rear view shows her in the grasp of her lover. But, in spite of all this, she still shows the ability to keep her legs together. Far right, top to bottom: Christa uncovered in a tiny tub, and below, Rosalba Neri is getting her share. Christa is free for another randy romp, but down in the basement it's still strictly a period piece.

following in the States and Mexico, and has often been seen on German television. What little free time her crowded schedule leaves, Christa likes to devote to water skiing.

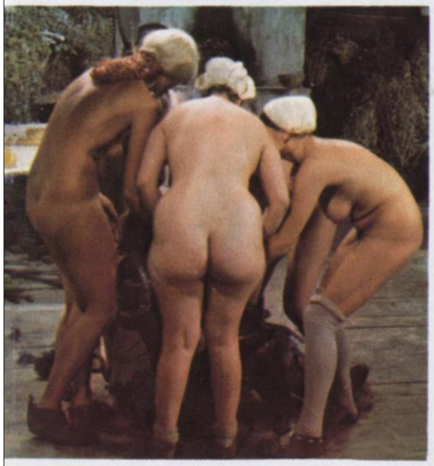
The other stars of 'Decamerone 300,' which was directed by Mauro Stefani, are Rosalba Neri, Rosemarie Lindt and Osvaldo Ruggieri.

What's the plot of this particular film? We can't tell you unless you read the colloquial Italian of the publicity release.

But who's worried anyway? You go to see this type of film for the bare breasts and bottoms – not to read the Italian sub-titles.

When's it coming to this country? The film's distributors are still haggling over plans to bring it to England, but it may get shown later this year. Pasolini, who started the Decameron craze, was also quick to realise he had hit on a successful formula – randy historical comedies with a liberal sprinkling of buttocks, breasts and pubic hair. He has now produced versions of 'The Canterbury Tales' and 'The Arabian Nights'.

Although she plays a promiscuous part, Christa (top left) doesn't fancy every man who comes her way in the story. The gallant trooper (left) is one of the more lucky ones, but he is likely to get debreeched while he attempts to fill the breech. Right: Christa gets involved in more randy rambling with a squad of rumpy witches – presumably cast-offs from a production of Macbeth in the nude. Meanwhile, out in the healthy open air, Christa runs into her true love. The two lovers go on to celebrate their reunion in the time-honoured fashion of today's films.



Angie

Angie Lloyd is one of those tall, sophisticated girls who talk with a soft, husky voice that exudes confidence and sensuality, but that doesn't mean she's the cold and aloof type. On the contrary, she's intelligent and calm, but warm and friendly with it. Although only 19, Angie is old for her age. She has the sort of sexual presence that can turn every male head on the dance-floor as she enters the room dressed in a tight black evening gown with her long hair gliding down over her head

and shoulders. Her deep dark eyes peer out from behind odd strands of hair, and she wets her lips with her tongue as you're introduced to her. That's how we found Angie, at a recent evening gathering held in London. You ask her who she came with and she's quick to say: 'just with a friend of mine,' letting you know that you stand a reasonable chance of capturing her company for that evening, or more as you find yourself hoping. You compliment her on her dress and tell her she looks sexy, tentatively feeling your way about her. A smile says you've pleased her. 'I like clothes,' she says, 'and people always tell me I look sexy in what I wear and that pleases me, although I don't necessarily go out to look just sexy.' You tell her that her attractiveness has a lot to do with it and she smiles again. Angie is at the sweet young age of 19, but she's old enough to know her capabilities when it comes to turning a man on. You can see that by the way she shows no embarrassment, and in fact is pleased when she catches you admiring her 5 feet 7 inches of 33–22–36 lithe slender body. Her

conversation is enlightening, for she can hold her own on most topics, but you find she says little about what she does with her life. It's you she's interested in, what you think, and as the evening closes she might say 'let's go and talk elsewhere'. You can't refuse.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

Gone are the days when girls were regarded as mere objects for male gratification. The modern miss expects to be treated as an equal. This means that orgasm has now assumed as much importance for the female as the male. Last month, Quest looked at a major problem affecting the achievement of orgasm for girls – early male climax. The survey this month sheds light on girls who found difficulty in reaching full sexual satisfaction – girls who felt that because of their own failings they would never experience the joy of orgasm. Until, that is, they found that 'unique' man who cared enough to help them through to their first ever, fully satisfying climax.

INTRODUCTION

Just how important is an orgasm to a girl? Very important. Times have changed and the female now expects the same satisfaction that the male, all too often, takes for granted. But new attitudes bring new problems. Last month we spoke to girls whose orgasm was impaired by early climax in their partners. In this survey we turn to girls who are slow to climax and who thought they would never achieve a full, satisfying orgasm. They went to bed with no expectation of fulfilment.

But last month we found that girls were generally sympathetic to early climax in men. Are men as sympathetic to girls who take a long time to reach orgasm?

In each case here the girls found that one special man who could help resolve their difficulties. And it is worth noting that the men in two of these interviews had themselves had problems with early climax. Before the incidents related here the girls had been through a succession of sterile relationships.

Quest provides revealing information on an area of female sexual reaction.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Bank Clerk, 24 years old, brunette, town of origin Rickmansworth

This interviewee had been married at twenty-one to a fellow pupil at her school. After less than a year of marriage she had sought a divorce which was uncontested. While married she had kept her job with a bank and had continued since. She now shared a flat with two girls.

Quest: Can you tell me what happened to your marriage?

Bank Clerk: I got married for all the wrong reasons.

Quest: What were the reasons?

Bank Clerk: My friends were leaving school and getting married. I was going to be left on the shelf. But now I'm not as old fashioned in my ideas as I was.

Quest: How were you old fashioned?

Bank Clerk: I believed in saving myself for the wedding night. It turned out to be nothing short of a disaster, you see we weren't sexually compatible at all. I sensed something was wrong that first night. We didn't suit and it didn't improve. Finally we were both so frustrated and fed up with each other that divorce was the only way out.

Quest: In what way were you frustrated?

Bank Clerk: It was impossible for me to reach an orgasm. At first I thought it was because I was frigid but I began to realise my husband ejaculated very quickly, too quickly and then he completely lost interest until the next time. I thought then that sex was one way only, the man on top. My husband was satisfied enough to have his and turn over. I should have taken some initiative myself I know, but then I didn't know what it should be.

Quest: But before you were married you indulged in heavy petting?

Bank Clerk: He used to play with my breasts and we would kiss and cuddle but I wouldn't let him go any further before we were married.

Quest: So petting centred round your breasts?

Bank Clerk: Yes, they're rather obvious aren't they? Even since my divorce, the men who seem to go for me are those who go straight for my breasts. I wish they were smaller, perhaps I'd have more success.

Quest: Does their size and elevation embarrass you?

Bank Clerk: Sometimes. I think I'm too aware of them still.

Quest: Do you think they were what attracted your husband?

Bank Clerk: Look at my face – freckles and spectacles.

Quest: Take your spectacles off . . . I think you're being too coy. You're a very attractive girl. So you're worried about your face – you've got a slim waist, good hips, long legs and breasts you should be proud of, why aren't you?

Bank Clerk: I think I am. I just like to be told now and again. I'm not silly enough to want to hide them anymore. It just doesn't matter because I'm happier now than I have been for a long time. Six months ago I couldn't ever have talked about my breasts. Graham's done so much for me, it's not true.

Quest: Who is Graham?

Bank Clerk: He's wonderful, he loves all of me. I have orgasms with Graham, great flowering eruptions that I still can't believe.

Quest: Does that mean you didn't have before?

Bank Clerk: Of a sort, but nothing like this. Shall I tell you? I've had sex with men who almost nearly made me feel something but not quite. You see, after the divorce I became worried that I really was frigid. I had to prove to myself that I wasn't and I rather went mad and went to bed with several men and unfortunately word seemed to get around that anyone onto me was onto a good thing. Once it gets known you're easy, men start thinking in terms of one night and a good lay and enjoying themselves to the hilt.

Quest: In what way was Graham different?

Bank Clerk: At my counter in the bank, my sign still says Mrs and carries my husband's name. That's the name I'm known by. Graham came in to change a cheque. I hadn't seen him before. He was attractive in a strong stern way with short black hair and chunky horn rim spectacles. I know he noticed my breasts by the way he looked at them through the glass partition but then he smiled at me too as I was giving him his money and made a little joke about his hoping there really was enough money in his account to cover it. I liked him. When he saw I knew he was looking at my breasts, he wasn't flustered or lecherous, just grinning as though it was the most natural thing in the world. I was sorry he didn't try and chat me up. I didn't see him again for three or four days then one afternoon he came wandering in with another cheque. This time he noticed my sign and he was more forward. He said: 'I didn't know you were a Mrs I had other things planned for you in my day dreams. Does it mean I'll have to work harder to seduce you away from him or are you just married to the bank?' I wasn't sure what to say. All I could think of saying was: 'I only used to be. I'm not now.' He grinned and went out. I wanted him to go on talking. Now I had to wait until he came in again which might be days and days.

Quest: Were you seriously attracted to him or was it a mild flirtation?

Bank Clerk: I thought he was very attractive.

Quest: What made Graham different from other men you fancied?

Bank Clerk: He pursued me, well, he offered me a lift home.

Quest: That afternoon?

Bank Clerk: I tripped on my way out of the bank and this arm shot out from nowhere and steadied me. I'd taken my glasses off and being short-sighted I took a moment to focus. I said: 'Oh, it's you.' He asked me who else I thought it might be. That confused me a moment. I said I thought it a tremendous coincidence and he said there was no coincidence about it. He was waiting for me to give me a lift home and ask me out to dinner. He hadn't liked to ask inside the bank because I would have had to refuse. I said: 'What makes you think I'm not going to refuse now?' He said: 'A really nice new steak restaurant in a great country pub with an international floor show? You're going to refuse that?' We both laughed. He knew that I'd go.

Quest: Was he obviously interested in your breasts?

Bank Clerk: Now *you've* got the breast bug.

Quest: Sorry. He gave you a lift home.

Bank Clerk: He dropped me outside my flat and we made a date for later the next evening. I didn't ask him in because I wanted my bath.

Quest: Would you say you were unusually susceptible to attractive men because you were searching for something more from sex than you were already getting?

Bank Clerk: A mouthful. I told you I was beginning to get a name for being easy. You mean was I sleeping around looking for an orgasm when I didn't really know what an orgasm was? You see I didn't fully understand what I was looking for but I did understand that out with a man I often felt hot and damp between my thighs and bothered and giggly and slightly faint in the stomach and legs. When a man pushed it in me I felt I was beginning to float above the bed. I was waiting to float to something higher so that when it happened would be so devastating I'd explode. But it never did, quite. I never felt everything in me had been released. I used to think: that was good, but isn't there something more. I used to think it might be the next man.

Quest: And was it Graham?

Bank Clerk: This is something I've been saving up to shout from the rooftops, I have really. And I still can't describe it.

Quest: Try.

Bank Clerk: First it was on the way back from Graham's country inn. We were both richer for the drink and I was desperate for a wee. He wasn't sure where he could stop on the main road but we found a small patch of gravel that wasn't really a lay-by but would do. Giggling like mad I jumped out of the car, lifted my skirts and ran through a gap in the hedge. I blundered about in the long ticklish grass still giggling like mad. I nearly fell over trying to take down my tights and pants so I left them halfway down my thighs. As soon as I squatted the grass tickled my bottom. I hadn't heard Graham. The devil sneaked up behind me through the hedge. I nearly fell over with fright. I said: 'Who's that? Who's there?' about to pull up my pants and run. It was difficult to see him in the dark. He whispered in my ear and I felt his hands lightly tickling my neck and the backs of my ears. The touch of his fingers round my ears and neck was just like the tickle of grass on my bottom. I had to sigh and let my head rest against the front of his thighs and it was so relieving it was almost sexy to squat there doing it. In fact when he slid both hands down round the front of my neck into the low top of my blouse I felt readier than I had ever felt for another man. I pulled my chest in a little so he could slide his hands down and round underneath my breasts and back up across the nipples. My breasts were too big for his hands so he just took one in both and rubbed my nipple between his two thumbs, round and round and up and down. When I had finished I didn't want him to stop but he tried to take his hands away. I put mine over his on my breast and held them there. He bent right over and as my head was right back looking up at him, he brought his lips down on mine and slid his tongue into my mouth. Our mouths were pressed hard together as though we were trying to eat each other. When I put my arms round his neck my breasts were pulled up very high almost out of my bra. Graham went on kissing me and undoing my blouse at the same time. When he had it open he curled his fingers under the lower elastic of my bra and pulled it up over my breasts. He pulled his mouth away and looked down. I tried to kiss his neck. When he saw them he gasped. I've never known a man to gasp like that before. Then he said: 'My God, what breasts,' and his hands were all over them. I looked down. They looked huge to me even and my nipples were long enough to come up between his fingers. He couldn't take his eyes off them. I was a little sad because this had happened so many times before with other men.

Quest: You were a little sad?

Bank Clerk: Yes, I was. I was becoming aroused but I was a little sad too because I thought I knew where this was leading. But then he took his hands away breathing very heavily and put them under my arms and lifted me up. He turned me round to face him and pulled me against him, kissing me quite gently on the forehead and nose and mouth, all over my face. Then he said: 'Come on, we must go home.' I bent to pull up my tights and pants but Graham wouldn't let me. He said I should let him do it. I did and he pulled them right down and took them off, the devil. I was going to protest but his hands went back up the insides of my thighs very slowly and very surely. He slid his hands right up to the top. My pubic hair hangs down in a little quiff and his fingers went straight to it, to either side of it and started sliding not on my lips but on the outside of them. I felt my legs going at the knees. His fingers were so light and gentle. He was wringing feelings from me I never knew I had. Backwards and forwards under my groin his fingers went until I started moaning. He didn't once touch my lips at all. Then just as I was giving way his hands went round my thighs and clutched my bottom and slowly slid down the back of my legs to the backs of my knees. I pushed my pelvis forward at him in a movement I couldn't control and his curly sideboards brushed inside my thighs. I tried to hold his head but he stood up bringing me with him and said very softly: 'You see, you aren't going to need your knickers tonight.' I said: 'Oh no, oh no, Graham.' I wanted him to do more but he just brushed my breasts with his hands as though flicking off specks of dust and took me back to the car like that. Every so often on the way back he put his hand across and tickled the insides of my thighs. I'd never touched a man's penis if you see what I mean, before. I'd seen them and felt them in me, but I'd never reached out my hand and squeezed. I did in the car, very gingerly. I was worried he would push my hand away. But when I put my hand on his knee, he picked it up and moved it higher up his thigh and my little finger nudged against a hard thing there. I wasn't sure what to do so I patted it. And Graham said: 'No, not like that, squeeze it.' He closed his fist over my hand and shaped my fingers and pressed my hand down on it hard. He took his hand away and I did it as he showed me and then thinking I might go too far I let go.

Quest: Did you guess then that Graham would do so much for you?

Bank Clerk: I was confused. What if Graham was just the same as the others? What if it really was my fault? What if I really was frigid? It was frightening to think about in a way but then what had happened behind the hedge had been so different and unexpected.

Quest: Tell me what happened afterwards.

Bank Clerk: Graham didn't beat about the bush when he stopped at my flat. I'd covered up my breasts but he gave each one a little kiss on the nipple before we got out. I was halfway across the pavement before I realised he was staring at my bare bottom. My mini was short, so short it was stuck up behind me. It was only as I went up the steps and I felt he had both hands on my bare cheeks that I yanked it quickly down. Then being daft over him, I said I was sorry I'd yanked it down. I didn't have to invite him in – he came up the steps behind me and through the door. We were both well aware of what he wanted. I also had this feeling I didn't want to because I didn't want to be disappointed. I wanted to treasure that moment in the field. Graham didn't give me a chance. I was just about to offer him coffee but he stopped me dead and said: 'Which is your bedroom?' I went to my door straight along the hallway and flung the door open to make a joke of it. I said: 'This is it, the harem of the lady sultanna.' Then he was right behind me and I was tottering towards the edge of the bed. He pushed me, not hard and I turned round by the bed. I needed time to think. I said, wouldn't he like a coffee but he shut the door and turned the key in the lock and then came straight over to me. My knees went funny again and I sat down on the edge of the bed. He stood right in front of my face and unzipped his trousers. I looked away. I felt suddenly bashful. I looked at his feet and I watched his trousers plummet to the floor. Then I looked around at the window. He turned my head round with his hand. I was trembling like a leaf again. It was inches from my face and I wanted to touch it. He led my hand towards it but I put it at the top of his thigh. I looked at his face and he was looking very intently at mine. I could feel myself blushing as I moved my hand and squeezed it. I just held it hard as he started unbuttoning my blouse. I felt him fumbling for the catch of my bra. I did that a little and felt my breasts relax and knew my bra had gone. I let him push me back on the bed and he sat astride my waist and as my hand let go his penis he brought it down between my breasts, grabbed them up in his hands and wrapped them round his penis. Then slowly he started moving in and out. I watched as though I was miles away with my hands by my sides. He stopped then and said: 'Darling, I'm sorry, you don't like that, do you?' I must have looked at him very dumbly. I didn't know what to say. I just turned my head away. It was going to go wrong after all.

Quest: What did he do to change this?

Bank Clerk: He sensed I was going tense and unwilling so he got off and sat down beside me. He put his arm under my shoulders and lifted my head up to his and started to kiss me. That didn't arouse me but the movements he was making with his other hand did. He was gently caressing the outside of my lips with his fingers again. My thighs opened with a will of their own. I was damp. He went on for minutes until I could hardly stand it. I grabbed handfuls of

his chest and found I was kissing him hard and ferociously. I'd never felt such urges before. Then his fingers were ever so gently frisking inside me but the effect was like an explosion. My legs jerked straight from over the edge of the bed and stabbed at the air. I grabbed Graham by the shoulders and said: 'Please, please, Graham, do it to me.' I knew he would, but his fingers went wilder and wilder until my whole body felt so brittle it would snap in two and my thigh muscles were jerking like elastic. I couldn't keep my bottom on the bed, I just kept arching it in the air and trying to fight the spasms that were gripping my thighs and trying to close them over his hand. I wanted them open. But Graham kept his fingers right there. My mind was in a whirling daze.

Quest: Did Graham bring you to orgasm with his fingers alone?

Bank Clerk: I didn't know what he was doing and I didn't care. I felt him then between my thighs, the warmth of his thighs inside mine and still his fingers were rousing me more and more.

Quest: Did you take any precautions?

Bank Clerk: I've been on the pill since I was first married.

Quest: Please go on.

Bank Clerk: All I knew was that something incredible was happening to me. Then it really started. I felt something hard and round entering me but this time with these frantic spasms still jerking me about. Graham, even when he was up to hilt in me kept his finger working just at the top of my lips.

Quest: Go on.

Bank Clerk: I started to come. I knew I was coming for the first time in my life and I was scared. It came over me in great waves and I shut my eyes tight. I was imploring Graham to finish me. Apparently I was crying. As I came I yelled out at the top of my voice and thrashed my thighs on the bed. Graham held onto my breasts and bruised them rather. Oh, but I loved that man. I was so light headed afterwards.

Quest: Is it as successful with Graham each time?

Bank Clerk: Not every time. Sometimes I'm too tense or expectant or I get too fond of his penis and he comes too soon. I'd like us to get married.

Quest: Does he wish to get married?

Bank Clerk: He already is. He's separated but she won't give him a divorce.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Temp Secretary, 19 years old, blonde, town of origin Hemel Hempstead**

This interviewee, a bright and responsive girl had taken a secretarial course after leaving school. She was an only child and lived for some time with her parents before sharing a flat in London with two other girls.

Quest: Earlier we talked about enjoyment of sex. I'd like to go back to that now. You said you don't find it easy to reach orgasm?

Temp: It's a long story if you really want to hear it.

Quest: Don't worry about that. I'll ask you questions first. Now first, you did sleep with boys quite frequently didn't you?

Temp: Does that mean you think I slept around a lot? It wasn't all *that* frequently I must say.

Quest: But you didn't want to feel left out either I gather.

Temp: I admit I still had sex with boys even though I just didn't see anything to write home about in it.

Quest: So why did you continue to have sex?

Temp: Look, you go out with a boy, you like him, how do you know if he's any good or if he'll finish you off properly?

Quest: So what do you do?

Temp: In my circle you're willing for sex or you soon get pushed out onto the fringes and the boys leave you alone which isn't much fun.

Quest: How frequently did you have sex at home.

Temp: Oh, about twice a week, I suppose, mostly at weekends.

Quest: Would twice a week be with the same boy?

Temp: Sometimes.

Quest: You didn't enjoy it?

Temp: It's not easy to say that – sex is an odd thing isn't it? I mean it was because I thought something might be wrong with me. I didn't want to feel left out of it all and I'd have been a sort of oddity if I didn't like it. We girls used to talk about how the different boys did it and I pretended what it was like for me.

Quest: But it wasn't?

Temp: I didn't know why not. I used to try not to think about why not. It finally had to be something to do with my thing, you know.

Quest: Your vagina?

Temp: Paul made me cry, he was a boy in Liverpool, he said it was huge. It's not fair, I'm so small everywhere else, why did it have to be so big.

Quest: So your vagina was too big. In what way?

Temp: I didn't think I'd have to explain all that. It was bad enough at school in the showers after games. I got hair there first – black – and we couldn't any of us understand why it *was* black when it ought to have been blonde like my head. Another thing my hair on my head is very fine and this was all coarse and curling.

Quest: How was it like that?

Temp: I noticed that I bulged more there than the others. It comes out in a sort of hill before it goes under my legs, Mike says like a cricket box. I thought I was deformed.

Quest: What have been boys' reactions to your vagina?

Temp: Quite awesome I think. They think it's different.

Quest: I'd like to hear more about Mike.

Temp: Well, I didn't know him at first. I met him through Paul. I went to visit Julie in Liverpool, that's a friend of mine, and she knew Paul though she wasn't, you know, having sex with him.

Quest: You slept with Paul?

Temp: The second night I did. He said I had 'a big box'. It wasn't much different than sex with other boys. Paul wanted to make a thing of it. He had a sports car and he was good looking and his parents were very rich. He said we should get engaged. I was a temp then and he didn't want me to come back home. I was living at home and working in London and thinking of getting a flat in London with some other girls. But Paul didn't let me go back. He bought me clothes and I stayed in his flat. We got quite fond of each other and we got engaged. Or he gave me a ring anyway. I had to go back home then because Mum wasn't well

Quest: How did you meet Mike?

Temp: Mike plays the guitar you know. He's very good but he's so moody and restless. He's always going off to places.

Quest: Did you meet him when you were with Paul?

Temp: Paul thought he was great fun. I thought Mike was quite dishy but not out of the ordinary. He was tall enough and he wore old jeans, quite clean but faded and a T-shirt and a silk scarf round his neck. I was with Julie really. I wasn't staying with Paul because I thought our engagement was wearing a bit thin. But we had nothing to do so Julie and I went round there. Paul was quite nice but I was offhand. I didn't feel very excited about it but we had nothing else to do. We were all going to the pub but Paul had to go off somewhere else first so Mike took Julie and me down there and bought us drinks. Paul didn't turn up so we went back to his flat for a coffee. He wasn't there either. I guessed he was with another girl, he had to be didn't he?

Quest: So Mike entertained you both?

Temp: Actually he was quite dishy but I didn't know whether he fancied me or

Julie. He didn't do anything about it though. We talked a lot about writing and poetry and music and he was really very intelligent and interesting. I was impressed. We had to be back at Julie's by midnight and Mike walked us there. I thought he was being polite but Julie went up the path first with the key and Mike stopped me at the gate. He said he knew of a party the next night and wanted me to go with him. I'd have to meet him in the pub. He patted me on the bottom and said: 'Now off you go to beddy-byes,' and was going to pat me again but clutched one side of my bottom instead as though it were a breast. I didn't know what to say so I laughed and clenched my muscles and he said :'What a fabulous backside you have, Miss Stafford,' I liked that. He pushed me up the path, shut the gate and went away. He was waiting in the pub next night. Julie couldn't go. Paul was there but he didn't make much effort to talk to me so I went and sat by Mike. He'd had several drinks and he cuddled me. I felt excited by him. I always do with a new boyfriend on the first date so I went silly and bought a bottle of whisky. I felt mad as though it was going to be a mad night. I didn't envy any other girl in the pub. I thought Mike was the best man to be with there. I think I'm very like him. It's so fabulously easy to get on with him, for me anyway. I don't suppose everybody does.

Quest: Tell us about the party.

Temp: We all went in Paul's car – Paul was embarrassed and just grinned at me because he'd brought another girl. I was glad I was with Mike anyway. The house people were friends of Paul's and Paul had invited Mike originally. The house was right out in the country, very big with a big garden.

Quest: Can you tell us what you were wearing?

Temp: It was a dress I bought in an Oxfam shop and chopped the bottom off, black with a high collar neck but no sleeves like a single halter. The arm holes went very low, almost below my breasts and you could see the outside curve of each one when I moved where the material didn't properly cover. I don't wear a bra but I certainly couldn't with that dress. It went just as far as my bottom or not much further.

Quest: What happened at the party?

Temp: Mike wasn't dead keen on the whisky. Being a hot night he wanted a beer. I had a whisky and lemonade. He gave the whisky to the boy who was helping to dole out drinks and the boy winked and Mike said something and the boy hid it in a cupboard. When Mike came back with the drinks he said: 'It's bloody tropical in here, let us go and fornicate the garden over.' I laughed and he'd given me such a huge whisky, must have been a quarter of a pint nearly with lemonade.

Quest: You went out into the garden?

Temp: It was awfully dark and I nearly fell into a pond. Mike pulled me back. We were walking round to the back of the house. He had his arm round me and I felt it rising slowly from my waist up to below my arm. We stopped and kissed and I flung my arms round his neck and forgot my drink. It slopped all over his shirt and he pulled away, sniffed and laughed. 'She's trying to drown me with drink,' he said. Then we walked on a bit further. I was hugging him round the waist and I felt his hand on the bare skin just under my armpit. It tickled but I didn't laugh or pull away. Then it was lovely, his hand came slowly in through the low armhole of the dress and slid under my breast. I got all goosey and my nipple perked up even before he touched it. I snuggled closer and stooped my body so his hand would come up over my breast. It did. His fingers slid either side of the nipple and caught in a pincer movement. Then he rubbed his hand in little circles. I relaxed with the niceness of it. He said: 'It just fits in the palm of my hand.' My nipples, both of them were bursting. I said: 'That's fabulous you doing that,' and tried to kiss his chin. We kept stumbling on the grass and there wasn't really anywhere to lie down so we went back into the party.

Quest: So nothing more happened?

Temp: Someone else gave us a lift home, not Paul, he was still at the party and they dropped us at Paul's flat. I went in with Mike though I still felt I ought to be back at Julie's not too late. He had his hands on both my breasts in the car because I had to sit on his lap in the back seat. He put his arms round under my shoulders and clutched them both through the arms of my dress. In the flat he took me into the sitting room and kissed me and this time I felt his hands under the hem of my dress on each side of my bottom just holding the cheeks. Then he said: Let's try Paul's low level bed.' He brought his hands flat up over my bottom to the top of my tights and pulled the back of my tights to the top of my thighs. He felt in the crease of my bottom so his fingers were tickling the bottom of my . . .

Quest: Your vagina?

Temp: Yes, and lifted my thighs apart. I hung on by his neck, I grabbed at him because he was lifting me up too. His fingers were between my thighs and between my bottom. I had my knickers over my tights so they were down too at the top of my thighs. I wrapped my legs round his waist – I had to and he carried me into the bedroom with his fingers making odd little movements between my thighs and bottom and touching the edge of my – vagina. He walked me straight over to the bed and lowered me onto it. As I put my hands out behind me to lower onto the bed he brought his hands from between my bottom and hooked onto the back of the tights. I stuck my legs straight out and he pulled them down and straight off, shoes as well. Then he made me sit up on the bed and he pulled my dress up over my head and put it over the back of a chair. I said: 'What about you undressing?' He was looking down at me and he'd noticed my vagina. He was nice. He said 'My God, it's so beautiful.' His face was very close to it and I was pink with shame. Oh, then I felt his fingers almost cupping it in both hands and smoothing it. I wanted to sigh. I said: 'Please get undressed, Mike, and make love to me.' He stood up and said: 'This is wild, baby, really wild.' I watched him pull his shirt off. He was still looking at me. I turned over and started to get under the bedclothes. He said: 'Don't you dare,' and put his hand on my hip to stop me. 'Just stay like that with your beautiful bottom in the air,' he said. 'You're driving me crazy.' I think he did feel crazy for sex with me because in the end the usual happened.

Quest: You were left on the edge?

Temp: Very. He took his trousers down while I stayed like that. I was on all fours and I looked under my arm to watch him. I think I was a bit disappointed in his thing. I was still kneeling. I knew what he wanted me to do. He said, only quite recently because I asked him, that Paul said I did a good mouth job.'

Quest: And do you?

Temp: I only first did it because boys like it and it takes their eyes off my vagina. I wouldn't ever do it for anyone else but Mike now, I wouldn't.

Quest: Please go on.

Temp: I did it a bit and Mike was reaching over me and playing with my vagina with both hands. He said: 'Don't suck too hard,' so I stopped altogether. His fingers were all inside me there, just inside, pulling at the edges. It was a nice feeling. When I stopped he turned me over. I was saying: 'Please make love properly, Mike.' He held me apart with one hand on either side I think and entered me.

Quest: Were you taking any precautions?

Temp: Well, everyone's on the pill aren't they? They are. I went on the pill when I was seventeen. It's much too chancy to let boys take the precautions – they're not much good at it. I didn't mind Mike not doing me completely. I knew by then it was something wrong with me. Anyway I had been kissing him too much and I knew he was working up to come soon. I pretended I was coming too but he got there even before I could pretend I was. He pulled out before he did too, though I said it was all right to do it inside me. He pulled away and kept asking me to forgive him.

Quest: Please go on.

Temp: I had to leave to get back to Julie's. I was disappointed he only saw me to the door of Paul's flat. He phoned me the next day and asked me if I'd like to go up to Southport beach for the day. I liked the idea so I went round to Paul's and when Mike opened the door he said: 'We aren't going to Southport just yet.' I asked why not. He said he has some unfinished business which he had to attend to and I'd have to come in and wait. I didn't mind but he wheeled me straight into the bedroom and I knew what he meant because he just said: 'Get undressed.' He had most of his clothes off before I could stop him. He wasn't sexy about undressing me, he just did very quickly. We got into bed this time, under the sheet. Straightaway he kissed my nipples and my breasts, then ran his tongue down my tummy to my navel and his hands were playing with me. I tried to catch hold of him but he said to leave it alone. He made me lie there very passively, not moving. These feelings were going through me, starting at my toes like waves and running right up my body to my head. I

knew something different was happening and I was sighing and muttering and taking deep breaths making my breasts rise and fall before I knew I wasn't pretending anymore. He was right under the sheet where my knees made it into a mound like a tent and I pulled it away to see what he was doing. When I did he grinned and started kissing me up my tummy to my breasts then his body was hard and hot all over mine and he was working himself into me. I was pushing my vagina up to him because I felt like I had to do it to keep feeling those feelings. When he was right in and I could feel his warmth against the sides of me he told me to lie still for a minute. I didn't know why he wanted me to. I looked at his face and he smiled back and kissed me. Then he said, right, and started making love to me, but in an odd way. He didn't push in and out and moved his hips in circles keeping his penis right and in making the base of it grind right round as though he was stirring a bowl. God, I felt it coming. I started pretending, then I felt it coming right over me in waves. If you were a woman you'd understand the feeling. I was being swallowed up and eaten and I thought I was dying but I knew I wasn't. He went round and round, steadily, round and round and my whole body was jerking up and down on the springs of the bed. He was almost kneeling in me and had his knees almost under my bottom. He was nearly lifting my bottom off the bed every time. I started crying and laughing both at the same time. I wished I'd never ever pretended because it cheapened what Mike was doing. I never wanted to pretend again. Indescribable. My body was all out of control and I was thrashing my head from side to side. I started yelling: 'No, no, no, Mike,' like that. Half of me didn't know what was happening. I was staring wildly at everything but Mike and I saw my hands were clenched like claws at the bedsheets and white at the knuckles. I didn't know what was going on and then suddenly my stomach came right up in the air off the bed and I could feel something in my groin squeezing and contracting and my body flopped and my head went spinning and I felt so weak I couldn't move. I didn't want to move. I can't tell you how it was. I was like a cat full of cream.

Quest: That was your first orgasm ever?

Temp: There hasn't been anybody since Mike. I have an orgasm almost every time we make love now. There's nothing wrong with me.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Personal Assistant, 32 years old, brunette, place of origin Richmond**

This interviewee, sophisticated and very sure of herself, had been schooled privately in Britain and Switzerland. Her parents were wealthy and she had a living allowance but preferred to work. At one time she had lived in an exclusive female club hostel just off Oxford Street but at the time of the interview had moved into a flat in Kensington.

Quest: I'm interested in that weekend you spent with your boss.

Assistant: Which was exactly my state of mind before I went on it with him.

Quest: Could you explain?

Assistant: I thought he was a horrid man, coarse, loud and big headed. That was at first. I was secretary to one of the director's of the firm and the firm was in difficulties. This brute of a man was brought in to put the place back on its feet. He was a specialist of some sort. He visited all our offices and watched us at work. Next thing I knew he had pointed me out. 'I want her as personal assistant if I'm to do anything with this confounded mess.' They didn't ask me. 'Certainly, certainly, Mr Green, have what you like, take her, take her.' I found myself with this obnoxious man. Do this, do that, type this, run along with this. He was dominating me into the ground. I asked him why he'd had the nerve to ask for me as p.a. 'Sarah', he said, 'I may call you Sarah mayn't I, well I will whether you like it or not because I like it, I asked for you as my assistant because you're cool, calm, collected, you know what you're doing. Also you're terrifying everybody else in the firm.' What did the brute mean? Apparently I knew what he meant but I wouldn't face it. He wasn't tall but he was broad and rather hairy on the body by the look of him and he put his great paws on my desk and stared right down my cleavage. I flushed half from anger at this obnoxious attitude. He spoke surprisingly gently and softly so I had to strain to catch the words. 'Sarah,' he said, 'what you really need is a bloody good dirty weekend.' I obviously didn't catch it right. My voice kept catching when I tried to ask him to repeat it. Surely he'd said something else. Oh, no, not him, he'd said just that. Then he told me not to blush so easily. 'With your hair down, a pink blush like that and all that heavy breathing you're doing,' he said, 'I'm damned if I wouldn't take you on one myself.'

Quest: Was your reaction purely of anger?

Assistant: I thought about it for two days. I was appalled to catch myself thinking of a weekend with that brute. I found it repulsive and oddly, not stimulating, but unusual, an exciting thought. He thought I might be sexually attractive. That astonished me.

Quest: Were you thinking of sex at this time?

Assistant: I'm sure any thinking between a man and a woman has its sexual undertones. I wasn't thinking about sexual intercourse. I really didn't see what all the fuss concerning sex was about. If you must know, I wasn't a virgin. I lost my virginity when I was eighteen and I'd had a number of affairs, two with married men, but sex had never turned out to be very satisfying for me. It was obviously one more thing invented just for the pleasure of men, the brutes.

Quest: So you had never reached orgasm?

Assistant: The plain answer is no.

Quest: How long had it been since you'd been to bed with a man?

Assistant: Ages and ages. The last time I'd had sex was on a luxury cruise liner thing out at sea. I think I was giving it one last try with this big brusque seaman with a beard and hair chest.

Quest: What happened?

Assistant: It wasn't the most romantic night of my life. He pushed me under the cover of one of the lifeboats. His beard scratched my face when he kissed me and he practically ripped at my dress to get at my breasts. I thought, God, I've made a terrible mistake and kept my thighs together. I couldn't stop him mauling my breasts. My evening dress wasn't slit and was narrow at the hem. He gave a great jerk and ripped it right up to the waist, didn't apologise, I should think not, please go ahead and rape me. He got me by the feet and pulled sideways – he was strong – and my thighs parted. As soon as he was between them he brought out the object of my fears and my fears were well grounded. I thought it would part me up to the navel. My little lace panties went the way of my dress and as he plunged in his hands went for my breasts again. I was fairly dry and it hurt like hell at first.

Quest: And that was your last sexual experience.

Assistant: As far as I was concerned all men could keep their things to themselves.

Quest: How did your boss get you away for his weekend?

Assistant: Was I frustrated? Perhaps I was. He confused me though. I hadn't had sex for two years and would I ever have it again?

Quest: You weren't thinking in terms of sex?

Assistant: I can't say that because there was a piquance of sexual flavouring to the whole thing. My relationship with my boss had changed over the two months I had worked for him. The whole brightness of the office faded when he went out and left me there. He was often away for days at a time and I found myself looking forward to work when he was there with me. The fact he could dominate me and push me around suddenly dawned on me as a very cosy sort of security. I'd never felt that way about a man before. It wasn't a sexual feeling but sex was there. When he said he wanted me to go away with him for a weekend conference to Brighton I wasn't flabbergasted or upset.

Quest: So you were totally prepared and totally willing?

Assistant: I was to meet him at Victoria Station late Friday night under the clock. I was nervous and excited and my mind was being torn in two different ways. But I was determined to go through with it. There was this sudden desire to clutch at experience one last time, to throw myself on life. Waiting in the station I felt contemptuous that I'd ever had any qualms or misgivings. You might guess, he turned up right on time . . . with his daughter. God, what a brute. Obviously it wasn't going to be a weekend for the two of us at all. He'd brought me along to look after his daughter while he conferenced and boozed with all his old chums. I felt as though the whole adventure of the weekend had been turning into a wet sponge. I felt irritated. His daughter struck me then as very sweet – she was only five then, not at all like the father. At least I could ask him about his marriage and his wife. His wife had died two years ago and he had a woman in to look after her during the day. My heart went out to the girl. I was feeling all maternal inside and I knew I'd enjoy looking after her and being with her. At Brighton thank God he'd booked us into separate rooms, actually a suite with a central living area.

Quest: What were your feelings towards him? Did you anticipate going to bed?

Assistant: Not with the daughter there. I offered to put her to bed and told her a story from a book. I felt tired after the day's excitements and frustrations but Alan thought we ought to have one drink in the bar. We had several, enough to make me feel lightheaded on the way back to our rooms. I was struggling inside, thinking if he asks, should I, shouldn't I? Alan invited me into his room for a 'nightcap' and I demurred. 'As your boss,' he said, 'I order you to have a nightcap,' but it was said in a curiously husky low tone of voice.

Quest: How did he seduce you if he did seduce you?

Assistant: He kissed me – just that. He gave me a drink as I stood in the middle of the room and kissed me. His mouth was soft to touch and his skin was curiously smooth where he'd shaved. I responded. His voice was terribly low and husky as though there were tears at the back of it. 'Sarah,' he said, 'let me kiss you again.' And I did. As he kissed me his lips played along mine and I put my arms round him. At the same time I wanted to be safe and surrounded in his arms. He was strong. He picked me up and walked with me towards the bed. He lay me very gently on the bed and took my drink from my hand which had slopped on the carpet anyway. He took my arm from round his neck and had to reach across the bedside table to put my drink on it. He kept hold of my hand with his other hand then sat over me holding my hand with both hands and looking into my eyes. I could see love and tenderness deep in his eyes and I knew he wouldn't hurt me. I still call him 'the brute' but beneath he's as soft and silly as any other man.

Quest: Please go on.

Assistant: I was still wearing my travelling suit. It's sensible rather than anything else. 'This suit,' he said, 'it's like a suit of armour and I'm going to take it off and you're not going to stop me.' I looked into his eyes, and meekly said: 'No, I'm not.' He bent his head and kissed me and I put my arms up round his neck because I wanted to.

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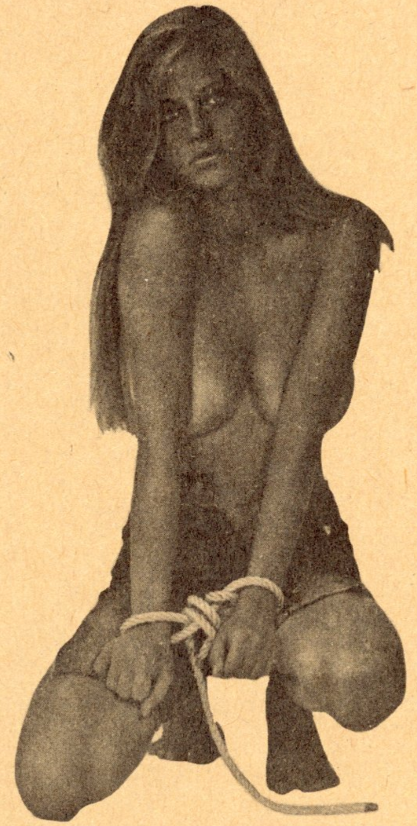

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He put his hand on my waist just under the jacket on my blouse. He didn't fumble or mess it up. I felt the zipper sliding straight down. Then his hand went across the top of my panties. I was breathing into his mouth with the excitement. His hand was hard but gentle. He brushed my navel and put his hand on my tummy. I felt my breath coming in short gasps. He unbuttoned my blouse as he went until it was undone all the way up. Still kissing me he made me sit up and pulled my arms from the blouse and jacket sleeves, each side, very carefully. He told me to close my eyes. He kept telling me to relax but I found that difficult. While I was still sitting up I felt his fingers on the catch of my bra. It came forward and the thought of what he was doing made my nipples harden. He pulled the bra from my arms. I was having to take first one arm away from round his neck and then the other. At first I wouldn't move my arms so he could take my bra because I was worried about my breasts. They always used to be so firm but as I've grown older they're begun to hang a little. He went on telling me to relax and I finally let him. We hadn't stopped kissing all this time. He didn't touch my breasts. He started on my skirt, telling me to lift my bottom. He must have sensed I was apprehensive. He didn't touch my body more than he had to while he was undressing me. Very slowly I felt my skirt being slid down my thighs, then my tights. He didn't touch my panties at all. Then he told me to keep my eyes shut whatever happened. He felt my body tensing and made me turn over on my front. His hands worked down from my shoulder blades to my waist. I'd never had a massage before. Finally he turned me back over, sighing and moaning, my leg crooked up in the air and put his lips to my breasts with a slow rhythmic sucking motion. He took his mouth away and I opened my eyes. He looked straight into them and said: 'You have such a beautiful body, it's a tragedy.' I felt we had something more than sex between us, the way he said it, the way he looked at me. He was half undressed and as I watched he took his trousers down and put them over a chair. I didn't see anything because his shirt tails hung down. Then he pulled that off as I lay with damp breasts and wet hard nipples watching him. There was a big bulge behind his underpants. He told me to close my eyes but I wanted to see it. When he took his underpants off I noticed a little roll of fat at his waist and I thought that was super, like the soft heart behind it. When he stood up his thing stuck straight out, pointing at my thighs. He knelt on the bed at my thighs and bent his head over my breasts again. Meanwhile one of his hands was moving up between my thighs. I spread them further apart and he sighed. My panties were stretched tight and little curls were showing. He said: 'Lift your bottom up.' When I did he ran his lips down across the muscles that showed on my tummy as I did it. I felt shaky. I wanted to drop my bottom back on the bed, but he put his hands underneath it on the cheeks and held it up. I kept quivering. Oh dear, what a man. His mouth was at the top of my panties. He got the edge between his teeth and seemed to roll them down rather than pull with his fingers on my bottom tugging too. Then he lifted my thighs up on his shoulders so he could see my bottom. My panties were still on my thighs. I felt the tip of his thing nudging my vagina but he didn't try and push it in. I was quite dry there still despite everything. He moved his thing so that it was rubbing up and down along the length of my vagina. I began to feel things I hadn't for years, like little wriggles in my nerves under my skin but I wasn't coming on fast enough for him and he was getting too excited.

Quest: What happened?

Assistant: We had a shower. He got off the bed and said it was no good, he was too excited, would I come and take a shower with him so he could cool off. He didn't try anything in the shower, but as I was drying – it was terribly refreshing – he took the towel I was using and told me to stand with my legs slightly apart. I said: 'What are you going to do?' He held the towel between my thighs at each end so one long edge was uppermost. Then he knelt down beside me and began to run the towel backwards and forwards, first slowly, then quickly.

Quest: You had your panties off by this time, of course?

Assistant: Yes. I nearly came just standing up. My legs were giving at the knees. He was whipping the towel lightly back and forth between my legs with the long thin upper edge running against my vagina. I shut my eyes but great waves of feeling were flooding all through me, I thought I was going to faint. I stuttered out four words I've never used in my life: 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' and I couldn't daren't believe it. It was too incredible for words. My legs were jelly, buckling under me. Alan lifted me up and carried me quickly to the bed, almost threw me on my back and plunged between my thighs. I was sopping wet and we were both damp from the shower. My vagina opened to him as it had never done for any man before and seemed to suck him in. I was arching my bottom and raking my nails along his back and he was banging my bottom into the bed. I was reacting in a totally alien way and I half didn't believe it still. Then it happened.

Quest: What else happened?

Assistant: We made love four times that weekend. I couldn't get enough of Alan and I still can't. I love all his body. I'm hoping we might get married sometime in the near future.

Quest: Thank you.

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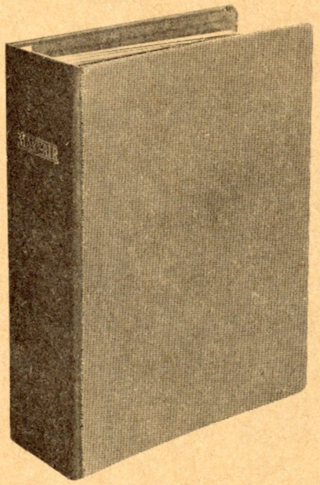

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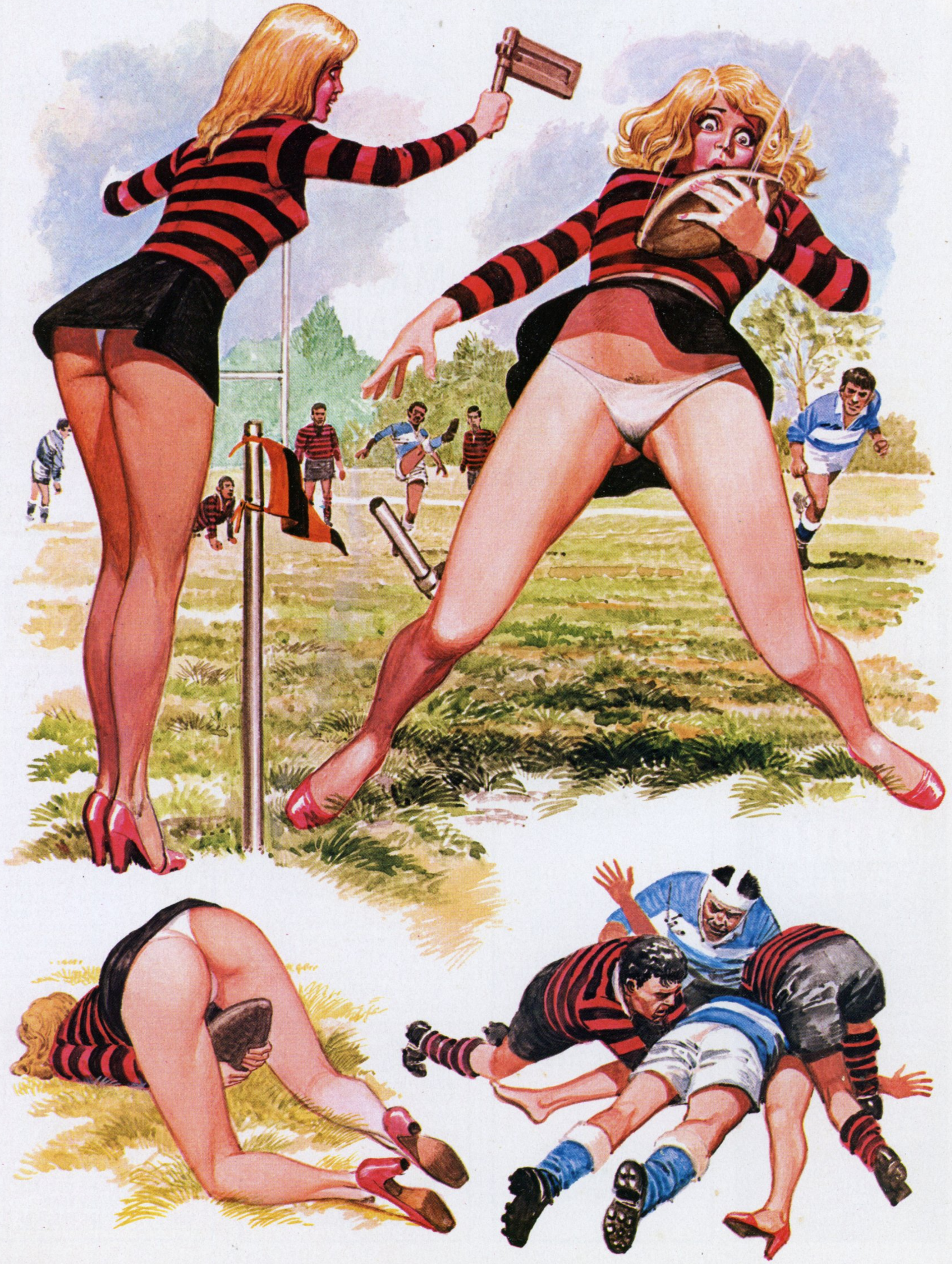Tackled on the touch-line, Carrie learns the meaning of rugby union